

# ZION'S HERALD.

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# ZION'S HERALD.

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## THE YEAR.

BY REV. D. H. ELA.

What of the year?  
"Tis gone! 'Tis here;  
On noisless wheel,  
For we or weal,  
Its circling days have come and sped;  
Its flowers are faded all, and dead;  
Its fruits—ah, fruitage you can tell  
If blighted soon, or garnered well—  
If waste its good, by moth or rust,  
If thieves have seized its treasured dust.  
The parted year,  
"Twas gone! 'Tis here!  
At touch of memory backward roll  
Its golden wheels; its record scroll  
Spreads out before us—faded not,  
Or noble deed or error's blot;  
Its happy hours their sunbeams paint;  
Sorrow has writ its wailing plaint;  
But anger's words are faded faint;  
And hopes and fears alternate rise,  
And sudden loss and glad surprise,  
Changeable as summer evening skies;  
While memory traces once again  
The year with panoramic pen.  
"Tis gone! 'Twas here!  
Now, bidden and ere  
The faded foliage of the year;  
We've seen the light of rosy June;  
December's wintry snows have blown;  
So friends have come, and friends have gone,  
As frolic days and seasons on,  
Each adding to the treasure store  
Our hearts shall cherish evermore,  
Both they whose sound of coming feet  
"Wakened the heart's responsive beat,  
And they whose vanished tread no more  
Shall echo on this mortal shore—  
Sweet sleepers in the narrow bed,  
Not earth's green covering o'er them spread,  
Nor snowy pall above the dead  
Is fairer than the forms that lie  
Beneath the wintry canopy;  
Nor purer than the loves that thrift  
The hearts that shrine their memory still—  
Love that shall live while Spring shall  
Glow,  
Or Winter mantle earth with snow.  
"Tis gone! 'Tis here!  
The faded year,  
The past and present equal live;  
We have both what we keep and give;  
Hand joins with hand in living grasp;  
Our arms the vanished loved ones clasp;  
Present, or past, whatever is dear,  
Lives age in God's eternal year.

## CHRIST, THE SMITTEN ROCK.

BY REV. I. G. BOWELL.

Behold the thousands crowding around  
Moses and Aaron! After thirty-eight  
Years of wanderings in the wilderness  
The Hebrew nation has swung back to  
Kadesh, on the border of the land of  
promise. They are perishing with  
thirst, and God has promised to give  
them a supply of water. Moses and  
Aaron stand before the people,  
under the shadow of a high cliff of  
rock. Breathless silence prevails. Mo-  
ses lifts up the old miracle-working  
rod, and strikes the side of the cliff,  
and instantly there gushes forth from  
the rock a stream of cool, sweet, glo-  
rious water, which goes rippling and  
freshening down through the whole  
camp! The famished people are wild  
with delight. They throw themselves  
down by the side of the stream, and  
drink and drink, to their fill. Bleating  
flocks and lowing herds, and groaning  
camels all crowd towards the blessed  
fountain, and slake their consuming  
thirst. There is joy in the desert. The  
fever of a whole nation is cooled, and  
the prayer of a whole nation is an-  
swered at a stroke.  
Wonderful desert scene! It is typical  
of Christ! It teaches His salvation!  
That water was pure, natural water,  
and yet St. Paul says it was "spiritual  
drink." It was sacramental water be-  
cause it was supernaturally given, and  
was the material token of the divine  
love and grace. It was a natural rock;  
it stood up there, a bare, glistening,  
dry rock, just like any other, and yet it  
was a "spiritual rock" because it was  
the source of a supernatural supply,  
and it was to be through all the coming  
years the emblem and remembered to-  
ken of God's favor to a perishing na-  
tion. To those who were spiritually-  
minded that rock was typical of the  
unborn Messiah, and that stream was

## THE GOSPEL FOR OUR CRIMINAL POPULATION.

BY REV. DAVIS W. CLARK, A. M.

PERIODICAL AWAKENINGS, AND THEIR UTILITY.

There is a singular phenomenon, pec-  
uliar to our American society, which  
can hardly have escaped the notice of  
the most casual observers, viz: period-  
ical revivals of interest in certain pop-  
ular reforms. Public attention is sud-  
denly arrested by a flagrant offense, or  
by the effort of some reform agitator;  
instantly the matter to be amended be-  
comes the topic of conversation; the  
newspapers teem with articles about it;  
mass meetings convene with regard to  
it; it is resolved upon and lectured  
upon. At length, a partial reform hav-  
ing been accomplished, or the public  
having wearied of the subject, it is  
dropped by common consent; an in-  
terval of quiet follows; but it is not long  
before some new reform absorbs the  
public mind, and the same routine is  
gone through with. It is hard to ac-  
count for these periodical awakenings;  
it is, however, far more important to  
turn them to account than to explain  
their rise. How their popular enthu-  
siasm can be attached to the machinery  
of society, so as to produce permanent  
and practical results, is a problem  
worthy the attention of our profoundest  
sociologists. As it is, this popular en-  
thusiasm, generated with so much care  
and pains, and latent with such irres-  
istible power, is too often allowed to  
go off in an idle "smoke from the nozzle."  
But we are far from deprecating these  
general awakenings. Incalculable good  
is accomplished by them. Long after  
the hurrahing of those whose interest  
was merely superficial has died away,  
a host of patient toilers is left upon the  
field; so that we all hail these revivals  
with joy, and believe them to be pro-  
videntially ordered.  
Specialists in a certain line of Chris-  
tian work have long and earnestly de-  
voted to the general awakening of  
popular interest in the cause, that lies  
so near their hearts. We allude to those  
who are laboring to promote the spiri-  
tual interests of our criminal population.  
These devoted workers are now cheered  
by some apparent precursors of such  
an awakening. The revivals of reli-  
gion now in progress in several of our  
State penitentiaries cannot but attract  
prayerful attention and sympathy. How  
this work of grace may be continued  
and enlarged is a problem that pro-  
pounds itself to the sanctified intellect  
of the Church.  
THE CHANGED HEART THE BASIS OF  
TRUE REFORMATION.  
Some of our States have made it a  
custom to hand over the corpses of fel-  
ons suffering the death penalty to the  
doctors (forgive so unpleasing an allu-  
sion), in order that by their use in the  
dissecting room the interests of science  
may be advanced. It is that a much  
nobler end may be conserved that Chris-  
tianity begs the State to turn over to its  
care the whole criminal population.  
Like medicine, and with equal justice,  
it demands the privilege of experiment-  
ing—not, however, upon the lifeless  
body, but upon the heart and soul of  
the living. And the object sought by  
the experiment is of the highest advan-  
tage, not only to the individual convict,  
but to the State itself. It is nothing  
less than the radical reformation of  
the prisoner by his conversion. And  
the outcome of the experiment is not  
doubtful. Indeed, it is no experiment!  
but a sure process, culminating in a  
glorious result, if not thwarted by the  
hardness and indifference of the convict.  
Nothing can reach the criminal like  
religion. How much does the finely-  
decked system of the mere sociologist  
affect him? You may forever talk  
him of duties to self, to home, to coun-  
try; you may sketch out for him meth-  
ods for self-education and refinement;  
but it will be all in vain. The mind,  
dulled by dissipation, and the whole  
nature, blunted by vice, will be utterly  
unresponsive. In this connection we  
cannot refrain from quoting a recent  
remark of one of the leaders of ration-  
alist thought in our country: "Not that  
education will regenerate men; not that  
a measure of reading, writing and arith-  
metic will make men virtuous. More  
than schooling is required for that!"  
The Gospel is exactly that! It alone  
can present motives strong enough to  
arouse even a besotted criminal; it alone  
can energize the enfeebled will; it alone  
can loosen the grip of remorse, and  
illuminate a darkened soul with joyous  
anticipations of a better future.  
Christianity having wrought its work  
upon the convict, all the results which  
the sociologist sought in vain to accom-  
plish follow as naturally as effect fol-  
lows cause. The converted convict  
becomes ambitious for an education,  
and works industriously to obtain it.  
Those tender home-sympathies which  
he possessed before falling into a course  
of crime, revive again; he remembers  
his relatives with solicitude, and grieves  
to think he has involved them in his  
disgrace. Even towards the State the

vindictive and resentful spirit which  
convicts usually display disappears,  
and the changed man desires an honest  
satisfaction from serving out his full  
term. It is the religion of our Lord  
Jesus alone that can produce this  
thorough reformation. Candid prison  
authorities frankly admit it. Even the  
State itself makes a *quasi* acknowl-  
edgment of the fact by its appointment of  
prison chaplains, and the free access it  
allows Christian workers to the in-  
mates of its punitive institutions.

## PRISON CHAPLAINS AND CHRISTIAN VISITATION.

We have, then, on the one hand, the  
power that will produce the completest  
reform, viz: the Gospel; and on the  
other, the class of society upon whom it  
is proposed to bring this reformatory  
power to bear. The problem is, How  
can the work be accomplished most  
effectively? The first thought that oc-  
curs to us in this connection is, that the  
inmates of our penitentiaries have  
forfeited their liberty, and are under the  
completest surveillance of the State, so  
that at any time, by an arbitrary enact-  
ment, the State may deny Christian  
workers access to the criminal popu-  
lation, and may even discharge the  
chaplains now employed. Nor is this  
wholly an imaginary contingency. There  
is a class of people in our commu-  
nity avowedly endeavoring to bring  
about this result. Now, the considera-  
tions that influence the individual in-  
fluence also the State. If we can only  
convert a goodly proportion of the con-  
victs, so that as their terms expire they  
shall go out to be honest and law abid-  
ing, the State will see that it is to its  
own advantage to encourage Christian  
effort among its criminals. The neces-  
sity of immediate, earnest, and prayer-  
ful work in this direction will, we  
think, be at once recognized.

The prison chaplain is, of course, the  
chief agent in the application of the  
Gospel for the reform of the prisoners.  
Their spiritual interests are almost  
solely in his hands. He will be a  
maker in proportion as he has a  
mind and heart for his work. There is  
no sphere of Christian activity that re-  
quires a more unusual combination of  
qualities of heart and head than that  
which the prison chaplain is called to  
fill. He must have genuine sympathy  
for those with whom he labors, yet sym-  
pathy must never lapse into condonance;  
he must have wit to discover, and firm-  
ness to rebuke hypocrisy; above all he  
must have a heart filled with divine  
grace, for none more quickly discovers  
and indignantly spurns a hollow Chris-  
tianity than the State criminal. Now,  
just as God has preeminently qualified  
some men to carry the Gospel to sailors,  
and others to colliers, and still others to  
hospital patients, so He has those  
whom he has chosen and fitted to carry  
the Gospel-torch into darkened prison  
cells. It is for the Church to discover  
these men, and to make all honest effort  
to secure their appointment.

The chief subordinate agency in  
bringing the Gospel to the hearts of the  
convicts is Christian visitation. It is  
wonderful what an effect is produced  
upon the criminal the moment a decided,  
warm and genial Christian comes  
in contact with him. In most instances  
he will readily evince his need and de-  
sire for instruction in the most ordinary  
truths of religion; he will make no se-  
cret of his craving for encouragement,  
or his delight at the faintest gleam of  
personal confidence in him. Those who  
have had the slightest degree of suc-  
cess in this sphere of Christian activity  
have found it most delightful. But the  
matter is not one of mere personal in-  
clination, for the visiting of those who  
are in prison is as distinctively a Chris-  
tian duty as any other. "I was in  
prison, and ye came unto me." "Inas-  
much as ye have done unto one of the  
least of these, My brethren, ye have  
done unto Me."

In every prison there must of neces-  
sity be a number of inmates who are  
utterly friendless, either because they  
have been disowned, or because their  
relatives are in distant lands. Their  
forlorn condition is pitiable, especially  
when, as is often the case, they are  
mere striplings, or men far advanced in  
years. The holidays, when the friends of  
other prisoners come trooping in, bear-  
ing with them gifts and edibles, and the  
prison resounds with laughter and  
joyous conversation—oh, what dreary  
solitude there must be for the  
forlorn prisoner. Here is an open  
door for a beautiful Christian charity.  
Let Christian families adopt their friend-  
less convicts, and on the holiday let  
some member or members of each  
family visit the prison, carrying with  
them cake and fruit, and some good  
book. Let them meet their *protégé*  
with frank hearted kindness, talk with  
him pleasantly, and walk with him  
through the corridors. The influence  
for good thus gained over the sinful and  
all-but-lost soul is almost unlimited.

## THE CONVICT NEGLECTED, AND WHY?

Has our bearing hitherto towards our  
criminal population as Christians been  
right? Have we not overlooked this

field almost entirely, and treated our  
criminals as if they had forfeited all  
claim upon us? Has not the stern  
old-dispensation decree, "the soul that  
sineth, it shall die," almost found ex-  
pression on lips that have kissed the  
cross? Have we treated this class of  
society as if it were outside the provi-  
sion of the Gospel? If so, we have done  
dishonor to the atonement which Jesus  
made, for the very universality of that  
atonement is its glory. It is for the sin  
of the whole world, and the greatest  
degree of guilt in the individual. The  
Gospel never commends itself more  
signally to the world than when its  
hallowed light is seen to penetrate and  
purify the foulest pit-falls of human de-  
pravity.

But probably this sphere of Christian  
activity has been so sadly neglected  
because its importance has not been  
sufficiently emphasized. We believe that as  
soon as the ministry and the Christian  
press begin to urge the needs of our  
criminal population, and describe their  
neglected condition, the great, warm  
heart of the Church will throb in sym-  
pathy. It has been the pride of Meth-  
odism that, originating as it did at one  
of the grandest seats of human learning,  
it despised not its mission, but went  
straightway to the most needy and de-  
based. Like the Master himself, Meth-  
odism "came not to call the righteous,  
but sinners to repentance." The prison  
was almost its first sphere of activity.  
Among all the interesting characters  
that cluster around John Wesley and his  
movement, none shines with a  
brighter lustre than Sarah Peters, "a  
lover of souls," who, by visiting the  
prison, and explaining the way of sal-  
vation, prepared ten men for the scaffold,  
and sent them out ready to suffer the  
death penalty with Christian fortitude,  
and even exultation. Would that such  
self-sacrificing workers were multiplied  
to-day! And may God keep the Church  
mindful that its mission is still to the  
poor and the sinful.

## W. W. W. W.

BY MISS C. J. LOOMIS.

The last hour of the gray old year!  
If silent prayer, on bended knee,  
O'er fondly loved ones we drop a tear,  
And wait, O Lord, on Thee.  
From many a pit-fall, many a snare,  
Thy love alone hath kept our feet;  
Our hearts are touched by Thy kind care,  
So infinitely sweet.  
How near to awful moral wreck,  
Or dangers physical we've been,  
We know not; but some timely check  
Of Thine hath saved from sin.  
For mercies rich and numberless,  
That all the changeable year have crowned,  
Our Father's glorious name we bless,  
And loud His praises sound.  
Some broken idols we bemoan;  
Some hopes lie buried 'neath the sod;  
And here Thy chastening hand we own,  
And bend as to Thy rod.  
Millions and millions sleep to-day,  
Who, but one year ago to-night,  
With health and happiness were gay,  
And looked toward futures bright.  
Still our probation lingers yet!  
But when some year is growing old,  
The sun upon our graves will set;  
Our story will be told:  
We shall have crossed life's troubled sea,  
And anchored on an unknown shore,  
O, take us then to dwell with Thee,  
Dear Lord, forevermore.

## BETTY ALLEN, AND HER SATELLITES.

BY REV. JOHN LIVESAY.

The period embraced in this narra-  
tive lies between 1750 and 1840. The  
locality is in the county of Durham, or  
to describe it in Wesleyan terms, it is  
embraced in the old Sunderland Cir-  
cuit (now divided into at least three or  
four circuits), in the Newcastle Dis-  
trict. "Shiney Row," not far from  
Sunderland, was one of the important  
preaching places of the Circuit, and  
was for many years the residence of the  
Allen family. The persons with whom  
we have chiefly to deal were the mem-  
bers of an influential and widely known  
family of Wesleyan Methodists, who  
were converted during the life-time of  
Mr. Wesley, and who often received  
the bread of life from his lips.  
The principal members of this family  
were two brothers, William and Charles  
Allen, and Betty Allen, the wife of  
William. Two nephews, also named  
William and Charles, on the decease  
of their parents were admitted as mem-  
bers of the household, and received the  
same consideration as if they had been  
legally adopted. The elder Charles  
never married, but on the marriage of  
his brother William became a perma-  
nent member of his family. The prop-  
riety of giving BETTY ALLEN, the  
wife and sister-in-law, the leading  
place in the heading of my narrative  
will become apparent before we have  
done with the family.  
All of these persons were born in  
poverty. At about seven years of age  
William and Charles entered upon their  
career as laborers in the coal pit.

"The Allens of Shiney Row," by Coleman  
Collier (Rev. James Everett), supplies the mat-  
terial for this sketch.

Nor was Betty exempt from this un-  
feminine occupation. At a very early  
age, to all appearance, she was hope-  
lessly doomed to a life of unmitigated  
drudgery as a pit-hand. But happily  
she was released from this fate before  
her tender frame had so far yielded to  
the violence of her severe and unnat-  
ural labor as to permanently disfigure  
her frame. The Allens, in early life in  
no respect differing from their class,  
except that they were not addicted to  
the degrading vices which generally  
prevailed among their fellow workmen,  
were steady, industrious, and economi-  
cal, and were thus enabled, even be-  
fore their conversion, to render ma-  
terial aid to less virtuous and prudent  
branches of the family.

It was in 1773 that, at the age of  
twenty-three, William Allen married,  
and gave his surname to "Betty,"  
whose maiden name is not known, and  
whose unpatriotic Christian address  
clung to her through all the subsequent  
changes of her fortunes—even when  
common courtesy would have suggest-  
ed and employed something more digni-  
fied. Their beginning as housekeepers  
was humble indeed. A single room,  
which served for parlor and kitchen,  
with an attic reached by a ladder, were  
deemed sufficient for their necessities.  
Their furniture was of the plainest; a  
postless bedstead, a plain deal table, and  
three three-legged stools, one for each,  
Wally (as Betty always called her hus-  
band), Betty, and Charley, were all  
that, after paying the expenses of the  
marriage ceremony, William's means  
would permit him to procure. With  
health, industry and love, they launch-  
ed their domestic craft on the sea of  
life, fearless of the perils before them.

From five to seven years elapsed be-  
fore the members of this household be-  
came members of the "household of  
faith." Betty was the first of the three  
to give heed to the gentle pleadings of  
the Holy Spirit. Not being able to  
read, she could not consult the holy  
Oracles, and obtain help from their  
teachings, and so her progress was  
slow. But she attended the preaching  
of the Word, and other religious ser-  
vices, and was greatly benefited there-  
by. "She cried unto the Lord" with  
her voice; with her "voice she made  
supplication;" and her cry was heard  
and answered in her complete deliv-  
erance. William was not long in follow-  
ing in the footsteps of his more decided  
and perhaps stronger-minded wife;  
yet it was about three years before his  
spiritual bondage ended, and he tasted  
"the glorious liberty of the sons of  
God." It was while in the coal pit, in  
an agony of soul, that he cast himself  
on his knees, and poured forth earnest  
cries to God for mercy. His prayer  
was answered; he rose from his knees  
a new man, and exulted in a sense of  
the divine favor, through faith in the  
atoning sacrifice of Christ. The "hor-  
rible pit" was transformed into a pal-  
ace of blessedness, and he went forth to  
convey to his home and its inmates the  
tidings of the priceless treasure he had  
found. The brothers had often prayed  
together in the pit, their hearts alike  
burdened with conviction of sin; and  
they soon rejoiced together, for Charles  
soon added his voice to complete the  
trio which these glad hearts sang to  
the praise of their Almighty Saviour.  
No matter where earnest and believing  
prayer is offered, it is sure of a favor-  
able response from our prayer-answering  
God. In the whole of the belly, on the  
mountain, on the housetop, in the field,  
beneath the fig-tree, in the lion's den,  
or in the dungeon, as well as in seem-  
ingly more favorable places, God has  
answered His praying people.

On the 10th of June, 1780, these dis-  
ciples of Christ took another step in  
declaring their union with Him and  
with His people, and their separation  
from the world. On this day they  
united themselves to the Wesleyan  
Society, and were enrolled as mem-  
bers. Being thus gathered into the  
Christian fold, they felt a strong desire  
to see all their kindred partakers of  
"like precious faith." Some of the  
elder Allens had wandered as far as  
Whitehaven, in Cumberland, in pur-  
suit of employment, and had settled  
there. These, with their families,  
were "in the gall of bitterness and  
the bonds of iniquity;" and their moral  
and religious condition lay with op-  
pressive weight on the minds of Wil-  
liam and Charles. Like many others  
who have been similarly affected, they  
thought "they had nothing to do but  
to warble out their song of praise in  
the ears of their kindred" to secure,  
not only a hearing, but to win them  
over to a course of religious action.  
They therefore agreed to visit White-  
haven (upwards of one hundred miles  
distant) for this purpose. They started  
from their home, in the dead of winter,  
during the pitmen's holidays, and trudged  
the whole distance, there and back,  
on foot, and told their story in  
Christian simplicity, with loving hearts  
and moistened eyes, fully expecting  
that a train of conversions would be  
the result. But they found their friends  
inaccessible to their childlike appeals.

They stared, laughed, joked, and  
sneered at them, objected to kneeling  
with them in prayer, and united in the  
opinion that the two good men were  
"out of their heads." They returned  
home east down, and told Betty the  
result of their apparently fruitless jour-  
ney. Most of the family, however,  
were subsequently converted.  
[To be continued.]

## DIARY JOTTINGS.

"A Tourist," writing in the *Provin-  
cialist*, gives the following no-  
tice of certain Wesleyan Methodist  
worthies:—

"Dr. Punshon, once each Sabbath,  
preaches at Kensington Gardens. At  
the time we heard him, his church be-  
ing under repairs, between three and  
four hundred people listened to an elo-  
quent sermon from "Behold the Lamb  
of God." To our mind it is question-  
able whether in England he has a  
sphere of usefulness equal to that he  
occupied in Canada. Mr. Perks, from  
whom Dr. Punshon received the seals  
of the Presidential office, is strikingly  
different in physique to his successor,  
being of medium height, thin and deli-  
cate in appearance. The matter of his  
sermons is good, but his delivery is  
unpleasant. As a man he is beloved,  
as a scholar he holds a highly respon-  
sible position, and as an administrator he  
has, to an eminent degree, the *suaviter  
in modo et fortiter in re*.—The associ-  
ates of Mr. Perks in the Secretariat at  
the Mission House, are W. Boyce and  
Mr. Wiseman. The former is advanced  
in years, hale and portly, with reputation  
of financial skill, and extreme care for the  
*baubees*.—Mr. Wiseman is in the vigor  
of life. His countenance is an index  
to the characteristics of the man, we  
should judge him to be possessed of fine  
feelings and noble sentiments. As an  
author he is favorably known to the  
literary world, and as a preacher his  
services are in requisition for special  
occasions.

"Charles Prest is a Methodist of the  
past generation, and seemed to us to  
discharge his duties devolving upon  
him, in connection with the Home Mis-  
sionary department, according to old-  
time ideas.—The best debater in the  
British Conference is Dr. Osborn. He  
is keen, shrewd and far-seeing. His  
mind is not of the ordinary cast. He is  
one of those men who would meet the  
claims of any important position. Physi-  
cally he has seen his best days.—Sam-  
uel Coley is a beautiful preacher. His  
sentences are fine—his ideas unique,  
and his style attractive. We heard him  
preach a sermon to the young. It was  
a noble effort. His examination of the  
candidates for ordination at the Cam-  
borne Conference proved him to be an  
original thinker and a profound theo-  
logian.

"The ex-Presidents of the British  
Conference—some of whom we have  
already named—are worthy men.  
Farrar, Rattenbury, Bedford, James,  
and Arthur are men of whom the  
Church might be proud. They stood  
firmly in troublous times; they labored  
successfully; the impress of their  
minds is upon the Methodism of  
Great Britain. In their declining days  
they stand as faithful sentinels, and  
their counsels are invaluable. As a  
general thing the senior leading minis-  
ters are intensely conservative. They  
love the old paths, and walk thereon.  
A number of middle-aged men, such as  
Rigg, Stephenson, Garrett, etc., etc.,  
are now making themselves heard—  
men of mind, of oratorical power and  
administrative ability, who, whilst loyal  
to Methodism, are nevertheless looking  
forward to some modifications in eccle-  
siastical polity to make the Wesleyan  
Church even more effective than she at  
present is."

## NOTES FROM ASBURY'S JOURNAL.

A miracle.—"A miracle for a  
Methodist to increase in wealth, and  
decrease in grace."—Wesley.

I now go hence to Lynn, once the  
joy, now the grief of our hearts. The  
society began in union. It is now in-  
corporated, in order to prevent the Meth-  
odists from being obliged by law to pay  
Congregational tax.—*Asbury*, 1794.

Of South Carolina he says:—"This  
country improves in cultivation, wick-  
edness, mills and stills; a prophet of  
strong drink would be acceptable to  
many of these people. I believe that the  
Methodist preachers keep clear, both by  
precept and example; would to God  
the members did so, too!"—*Asbury*,  
Mar. 30, 1795.

Re-Baptism.—"One of our sisters  
asked me if we would not re-baptize  
persons who desired it. This put me to  
thinking and revolving the subject in  
my mind. I considered that there was  
neither precept nor example in Holy  
Writ to justify our re-baptizing one who  
had been baptized in the name and form  
which Christ commanded, in Matthew  
xxviii, 19."—*Asbury's Journal*, Dec.  
14, 1797.

Difficulty is the parent of success.  
*Nixon ad eorum* was Burke's motto.



## DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

## REVIVALS.

An Address to the Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting, November 28, 1874, by Rev. DANIEL SPENCER, D. D.—published at the request of the Meeting.

[Continued.]

Dr. Finney is right. We must, in the present state of things, at home and abroad, have sweeping revivals, mighty shocks of divine power striking large masses of people, or the devil's kingdom will triumph, the love of many wax cold, backsliders turning to their vomit again, casual, formal professors, blind moralists, and wicked men and women wallowing in sensual vices, and popularity-seeking preachers, crying Lord, Lord, yet obeying not His commands, will all stumble over the precipice of damnation together. Especially must Methodism be revivalistic, or its occupation is gone.

A dead Methodism, grown rheumatic in the knee-joints, preferring the theatre to the class meeting, hiring a quartette to perform the praises her backslidden heart refuses to offer, where

"Hosannas languish on her tongue,  
And her devotion dies?"

shutting her pew door against the poor in churches built by the converts of past revivals, deprecating revivals as derogatory to her high culture and acknowledged respectability, and pouring contempt upon those who cleave to the old doctrines and God-honored methods—such a dead Methodism, like all the dead and buried things beneath the sun is the most disgusting to men, and the most offensive in the nostrils of God. The structure of our itinerancy, our traditions, our doctrines, are all revivalistic. Our origin and all the glorious epochs of our history are revivalistic. Our mission, as long as there are masses of sin to be purged by the Gospel, must be revivalistic. We decline and die out wherever we imagine that we have passed beyond the revivalistic stage, and can now sit down and fold our arms and enjoy our respectability. This is the secret of our relative weakness in the great cities, where our rich men herd together in fashionable churches, isolating themselves from the masses, and attempt to cultivate an ethical Methodism, eschewing as far as possible our denominational peculiarities, especially revival efforts, downright, earnest knee-work at the altar, and brave inroads upon the great unwashed masses of humanity perishing all around us.

The Jews have an adage that when the tasks are multiplied it is time for Moses to appear. When Judaism had substituted the traditions of men for the law of God, and had lost almost every pulsation of spiritual life, burdened Israel with a crushing bondage, it was time for the Christ to appear, to appear and emancipate the people by inaugurating a revival of true worship. When the Christian Church had gone into Papal captivity, and was hawking through Europe pardons for past and indulgences for future sins, it was time for another Moses to appear and break the yoke of an iron ecclesiasticism. He arose under the name of Luther. When Protestantism had grown gouty and paralytic in England, and was soon to become a lifeless corpse above ground, God called out His Moses again, and the courageous and tireless Wesley, the saviour of Gospel truth and spiritual power throughout the English-speaking world, appeared. He called the Christian Church to arms by a drum-beat, heard round the globe. And now that the Church of Wesley, both in England and America, is manifestly repeating the folly of the Church of England, substituting a dead formalism and an elaborate ecclesiasticism for spiritual life and world-conquering power, it is about time for Moses, or the second Wesley, to appear again. What his name will be, I know not; but he may be easily recognized by the scourge of tongues let loose against him, and the charge of a brigade of penholders and pamphleteers all along the line. This infallible sign attends Moses whenever he appears.

Our conclusion, with respect to the second question, is, that there is at present no such constancy and invariability of the human force, which is one of the elements of that evangelic power which is to convert the world, as to insure a continuous and steady advance of the Church. Hence, it follows that either the great scheme of saving the world must be abandoned, or the Holy Spirit must supplement the defective human force by extraordinary manifestations, out of the order of His usual workings, and thus again and again send down the angel of resurrection to sound His trumpet of revival in the ear of spiritual death. Such interpositions bear the same relations to His ordinary operations as miracles do to the operations of God through the laws of nature. In both cases they are a merciful condescension to human weakness, and are designed to secure to the race a higher good than could be attained by limiting the divine efficiency to the channel of invariable law.

We are praying for the day when revivals can be dispensed with—when the kingdom of Christ shall have acquired such a momentum as to move on evenly and triumphantly, by a steady advance—when all the combined powers of earth and hell can present no obstacle to its uniform and rapid progress. But that time has not arrived. We have not reached the era when the devil can be McClellanized out of his fortification by regular and scientific approaches. He must be driven out by fierce and deadly assaults. His castle must be stormed again and again. During all the his-

tory of the Church such a method of warfare has been employed with evident indications of the divine approval. To keep the Church from stagnating, irregular agencies have been thrust out, and novel methods have been invented. Conservatism, good old Conservatism (I hope he will get to heaven at last) has always been distasteful and annoyed by such irregularities, Luther was an irregularity in the Church of Rome. Wesley was an anomaly in the Church of England, and the best abused man in the British empire. Whitefield was deemed an incendiary by the staid New England Congregationalists. In this very city he was greeted thus by a leading pastor:—"I am sorry you have returned."—"So is the devil," was the great evangelist's truthful reply. Dr. Finney was regarded as a disorganizer in the Presbyterian Church forty years ago; and Elder Knapp, thirty years since, was cordially hated, as an intolerable agitator, by formal Baptists. But we all now agree that they were providential agencies to save these Churches from the sleep of death.

Let us Methodists, while we build the monuments of these dead irregularities, not throw stones at the living ones, whether female evangelists, or praying bands, or national camp-meetings. Whatever disturbs the slumbers of dead professors will awaken opposition on their part, and alarm the timid souls who imagine that the breeze that begins to fill the sails will sink the ship. Let us be co-workers with God, to the utmost of our ability, in continuous, unintermittent labor for the salvation of men. Then, if God thrusts into the field extraordinary agencies, bearing the seal of His approval, let us wisely work with them, and if mighty outpourings of the Holy Ghost descend in any place let us not cry "wild fire," and throw cold water, but pile on the fuel, and keep the heavenly flame burning as long as possible, in a continuous revival, till the Judgment throne descends.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## OLD ORCHARD BEACH IN WINTER.

BY REV. J. W. ADAMS.

The multitudes who, from "country waste and city full," "from near and far," so recently centered here, seeking pleasure, recreation, or health, as they now look out of frosted windows, may wonder how Old Orchard looks in winter. Recently an eye-witness, I will attempt an answer.

Its latitude and longitude remain the same. The well-appointed and comfortable trains of the Boston and Maine Railroad pause at their beautiful and commodious station as regularly, and quite as promptly, as in the summer months; and the faithful conductors can not but mutter "Old Orchard" as naturally as when the weary and travel-stained Texan or Californian anxiously awaited its announcement. The hotels, cottages and bath houses are all here; the beautiful groves and indigenous shrubbery are here also; old ocean is here, as broad and deep as when you viewed it last; and the arrivals and departures of the tides are on time, as usual; the music of the surf was never more familiar; yonder island, that lies like a gem on the bosom of the deep, still adds its complement to the scenery; the beach is here, and has the same magnificent expanse, the same graceful slope, and you can walk it with as much ease as in midsummer; the white-lipped waves never kissed these glittering sands more daintily than now.

Having done the beach, with as keen an appetite as one needs to possess, we "right about face" and "forward march." The hotel signs appeal as eloquently to our pockets, and apparently offer as much to our stomachs, as at any previous time. Of one thing I am sure: the matron of the Gorham House gives you as warm a welcome, and provides as ample and wholesome a dinner as formerly. All this I can affirm of Old Orchard as it now is, with this addition, that the sun shines on all these objects with its accustomed clearness. But some things are changed. The trains are less frequent, less formidable, less crowded, of course; the roofs of the houses, the yards and walks are white with snow; the winds are chilly; the bleached and frost-bitten wild-grasses sway above the mantling of winter; the island has taken on the same hue as the main-land. As to the mature discipline heaven seems nearer at the close of life, so does the island at the close of the dying year seem nearer to us. The sun has veiled from his summer path, and though later in his coming, is in greater haste to depart; his light is less golden now, and his warmth less genial. There are no gay turnouts in the streets, no loungers on the verandahs, no croquet parties in the groves, and no *prima donnas* standing by the closed pianos. There are no bathers, laughing, shrieking, dancing with nervous ecstacy in the surf. This luxury has been entirely abandoned to the thoroughly bred codfish aristocracy. As if saddened by these changes, the sea itself wears a more sombre hue. No day-dreamers, no romping children, no *paterfamilias* and *materfamilias* promenading the beach, or gossip on the projecting rocks. I have it all to myself, and all my own way. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Between two winnows of mingled snow and ice, the one rolled up by Neptune, to freeze at high-water mark, and the other many yards seaward, contending with the in-coming tide, with overcast, muffled, and muted tones, I walk alone. All this ocean scenery, all this matchless beach, are for me; and, taking it all in all, I must

say of the season, "December's as pleasant as May."

The peculiar charm of the watering season is gone, and in its place, we have the more weird and chastened pleasure of living over in memory the pleasant past. Many of you will find it inconvenient or impossible to revisit Old Orchard; and some of you will depart for that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler ever returns; but many of you will come again, and with you increasing multitudes from year to year. Old Orchard has made its reputation, and it will not wane.

Martha's Vineyard has found a rival—staunch, indeed, though just beginning to grow. The generous policy of Superintendent Furber toward all the interests centering here will greatly facilitate the growth of the place, and amply remunerate the corporation he represents. Had I space I could justify my predictions by the matured plans of responsible parties now investing here. All of which has been suggested by the title, and is now submitted under the head of "Old Orchard Beach in Winter."

Great Falls, December 17.

## THE REST IN HOPE.

BY REV. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

Yes, I shall live; and I shall rise again,  
Yield to the dust it dust; let sin and pain  
With flowery beauty hide my place of rest.

Or wrap me with the snow-drift's fleecy vest;  
The books of God and Nature, not in vain,  
The dying saint's consummate hope attest.

Yes, I shall rise, though there be some who say  
Beyond the night of death there is no day—  
That the pale face, and dark, disheveled tress  
Shall come not from the land Forgetfulness;  
But these walk on in night, without one ray  
From the broad sun of truth and righteousness.

Yes, I shall rise! Oh, let no envious doubt  
Come o'er my mind, to shut the promise out—  
No dark-browed skeptic steal my faith  
From me!

For the face of Him I love shall see,  
When awakened by the archangel's joyful shout,  
To put on blissful immortality.

Yes, I shall rise; for my Redeemer came,  
Ere morning touched the dewy hills with flame,  
Up through the rock-hewn portal of the tomb;  
New songs were sung where bowers of Eden bloom;  
And heaven shall ring with sweet and loud acclaim  
When Christ for me shall break his mortal chain.

Yes, I shall rise! The day is hastening on,  
Come! quickly come, Thou ever glorious Son,  
Who tread'st on clouds, whom every eye shall see,  
And rear Thy throne in sovereign majesty!

But till Thy righteous will on earth be done  
My flesh shall rest in hope, and wait for  
Thee.

Then I shall rise, and this frail dust of mine,  
Touched with the glory of that day, shall shine.  
The worm may fret these cheeks; these eyes decay  
May waste, while the long ages roll away;  
But in my flesh, illustrious and divine,  
Shall I behold my God on that great day.  
Pembroke, Me.

## DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Opening Lecture of the Winter Course by  
Prof. WM. WELLS, of Union College.

GERMAN CONFLICT WITH THE PAPACY.

The Faculty of the Seminary are happy in their selection of lecturers for the ensuing scholastic year. The first in the course was delivered in the chapel December 10th, which was well filled by the students and friends from the town.

The lecturer commenced his address by referring to the gratifying fact that the young theologians of the day now make it their business to discuss the living and vital questions of their epoch, in order to advise in all matters of high religious and moral merits. They were assembled to examine one of the most intensely thrilling questions of the hour, as the great conflict now raging between Germany and Popery is the most important religious struggle that has taken place since the Reformation; and the general interest felt in it by all classes in Christendom has caused it to leap the bounds of the countries where it began. It involved all European nations, for even England is agitated to its centre with the same discussion; and we also are intensely interested in this movement.

The question is, With whom lies the responsibility of this great conflict? We see that wherever the Papal Church is, there is trouble. The strife is, in reality, as old as the order of the Jesuits, who are its instigators. In 1540 this order was formed, not as a religious order, nor yet under that name, but was introduced as the fighting men of the Church, and worked itself into secular power. Under the sanction of the Pope, and the intensely vital work which it had to do, the order grew rapidly, and after having exterminated every nation in Europe by its interference with political affairs, it was finally, at the request of these powers, dissolved by Clement XIV. about a century ago. This was the period of Frederick the Great, a Prussian who had no decided religious convictions, and who delighted in feeling able to do what others feared; and in this spirit he admitted many of the expelled order to his kingdom, which was Protestant to the core, as it had been since the Reformation. Thus harbored, they went quietly and secretly to work, attracting little atten-

tion; and when Napoleon enveloped all Europe in war they worked more openly, and gained ground rapidly. They were severely persecuted in Catholic nations, and had protection under Protestant rules; and after the wars were ended there came a reaction, under Pius VII, in 1814, when they were reinstated. They were favored by the Pope and Catholic powers. This fact, together with the annexation of Catholic provinces in Prussia, gave them such great increase of power. Under Frederick William the IV they also gained power, for he allowed the Catholic minister to sit beside the Protestant, and forced all the children of Catholic parents to be baptized in the faith of their Church, and to remain in it, and he did the same with reference to the Protestant children, and the Jesuits were allowed to do everything in their power to introduce Catholicism in that country, in which they largely succeeded.

Thus the harmony between the Church and State was well-nigh completed, when there was formed a union of the German States, then acquiring great power as a Protestant rule; and as the papal power had fallen, it was decided in 1870 that if Popery stands Germany must be humiliated, and in consequence the Franco-German war was bounded on by the Pope, under the silly pretext of war. Bismarck declared no war, but France was urged on by the Pope. As we went to Richmond via Bull Run, so went France to Germany. They found a different Germany from that which Napoleon did. France and the Pope did not know the significance of that cry, "where is the German fatherland?" and their desire for a united kingdom.

While King William was still in Versailles deputations of Papal Catholics called on him, with the request that he would use his newly-acquired power to reinstate the Pope on his temporal throne. The monarch replied that the Catholics should receive full protection in his realm, as they ever had, but that he could not meddle with the affairs of Italy or the internal dissensions of the Roman Church. Catholic Germany then turned against him and his project in reviving the old German Empire, because he, as a Protestant prince at his head, was unwilling to adopt the dogmas and yield to the wishes of the Vatican. And in the very first Imperial Parliament there sat the small body of Ultramontanists, who denominated themselves the "party of the center," and whose object was clearly to embarrass every movement looking to the unity and harmony of the Empire. They had cherished and protected the asp, and it now turned and stung them.

Bismarck tried every means to unite the two parties, and to avoid misunderstanding, even to the appointment of a Catholic cardinal as an ambassador to his holiness; but he was refused a hearing, on the ground that Germany had no right to appoint a cardinal on an embassy, and refused to hear anything but an answer to his demands. At this humiliation of the Emperor the Pope cried out, "a victory to the Jesuits!" and at the second Imperial Parliament we find seventy instead of thirty composing the "center," and the opposition grew and spread among Catholic people, mainly by the exertions of the Jesuits and their filiated ones, that controls the schools, Church-pulpits, the confessionals, and the official houses of the land, preaching and instigating rebellion in the government, and opposition at the polls.

This finally became so patent that the Jesuits were expelled, but they left Partisan arrows behind them. A host of new orders and protestants sprang up—male and female—with a view of invading every avenue where they could exert an influence against the government. The result was the expulsion of them all from the schools as teachers, and then placing these institutions under government inspection by lay superintendents. The German bishops began to excommunicate the professors in the universities who would not acknowledge the recent dogma, although these men were appointed and paid by the State. This action of the "party of the center" necessitated the passage of the famous "May laws," restricting the Catholic bishops in their control over their subordinates, and neglecting to educate the clergy who were to serve in the Churches sustained by the State. Rebelliousness on the part of many of these episcopal officials resulted in their deposition or imprisonment, leaving dioceses and parishes vacant, and interfering with all their social affairs of life. And thus the contest is waged with the extremest bitterness at the present moment.

The brunt of all this is directed toward Prussia, through the Catholic States in Parliament. The German bishops, though nearly all opposed to the dogma before the Council, are now trying to introduce and enforce them in Germany. All the Papal powers, and the Jesuits behind the Papal throne, are bitterly opposed to the German empire under a Protestant Emperor, but are willing to divide, that they may conquer and humiliate the power that conquered Austria and then France. It is very clear that the Emperor now Bismarck sought this quarrel, for they had enough on their hands without it; but they are defending themselves with courage and constancy, and Bismarck is making a name that will live in all history, as especially dear to the lovers of civil liberty and the haters of papal and Jesuitical tyranny.

In closing the speaker referred to the fact that the expelled Jesuits are spread

all over the world, and that many of them are with us, working quietly, and we may know nothing of them and their work till it bursts upon us. Dr. Wells has lived years in these countries, amid this conflict, and if there is an American who should be thoroughly acquainted with the struggle it is he.

## THE LITERATURE WE NEED.

BY GEORGE FORBES, A. M.

It is time there was a reformation in regard to the matter and spirit of our literature. We need, and for our moral development must have a literature in which genius, sparkle as it may, shall be at the shrine of truth—one in which fulsome flattery and puerile admiration of greatness, falsely so called, shall give place to solid realities and wise moral judgment—one which, in its appeals, shall prefer the intellect and the heart rather than to inflame the imagination, or corrupt the passions—a literature which, instead of degrading the mind by confining it to earthly grandeur or worldly follies, shall elevate it, step by step, until it approximates the throne of God.

In looking over the literature of the day, of home and foreign production, it is sad to notice how few writers evince a heart moved by high moral considerations. The historian gives a record of results of contending passions and jarring interests, sad monuments of human depravity, mingled too often with strained efforts to aggrandize his own country and countrymen at the expense of others. A desire to penetrate mysteries of former ages induces the antiquarian to delve among mouldy parchments and dusty tomes. A wish to overturn God's truth influences the skeptic when he dares to devote his heaven-bestowed powers to undermining the Christian's faith, or destroying his hope. The idea of worldly gain is foremost with those who, in their romances and tales, poison the imagination and corrupt the heart of our youth by a flood of literature fit only to be consigned to the flames. From no one of these dare we expect any nobler or more effective results than those already attained. It is certain that, without a higher moving impulse at work in the minds of the writers, to look for further progress in a truly noble literature is useless and vain.

To the question, To what power must we look for a literature worthy of the age and of man's intellect, the answer must be, A deeper rooted and better developed religious principle. The fact that man sustains certain relations to God is a truth; pre-eminent above all other truths; and an author will hardly do justice to his own powers, or establish a just claim to be an instructor or savior of others, unless his heart has been brought into close communion with the Saviour of mankind—until, as a son in deed and in truth, he can look up and call the Creator of the universe, "my Father, who art in heaven," and God's Holy Spirit permeates his heart, and with His gentle, subduing influences produces an atmosphere of loving charity, and a burning zeal for the amelioration of humanity.

Many considerations may be adduced for the need of cultivating among us an elevated Christian literature. We can hardly be said, as yet, to possess a permanent literature of our own. Our country is comparatively new, and our people so feverishly hurry through life as to prevent patient investigation and protracted study. Of making books, indeed, there is no end; they are hurried through the press, and scattered by thousands over the land, with marvelous rapidity, with but little grain in the immense volume of chaff, and much of that destined to a speedy oblivion.

The works regarded as standards are, many of them, of foreign authorship. We have the demand and opportunity for a solid, enlightened, truth-loving and God-fearing literature at the present moment, if ever. Our population is fast assuming a condition to be benefited by it, or to be irretrievably injured by the lack of it; education of the masses is becoming general; the schoolmaster is abroad in the land; and multitudes who, in former periods and in other countries would be deemed to ignorance and blindness, are now accustomed to read, to think, and converse intelligently on themes which once were thought to be the peculiar province of the favored few. This community, where information is so widespread, and so generally diffused, is increasing at a rate hitherto unparalleled in the world's history; the three or four millions who, but little more than a lifetime ago, burst the shackles of tyranny, and emerged into the freedom of nationality, have already been multiplied by ten; and ere many more millions of intelligent, active minds will be in search of mental food. Not satisfied with the watery productions of mere genius or imagination, they will crave the strong meat which philosophy, morals and religion must supply.

The English language crossed the ocean, reached the shores of a new world, penetrated forests, crossed rivers and mountains, still westward, until a continent was traversed, and the old familiar tongue is heard on the Pacific coast. Shall any one dare to predict that its onward course is finished? Is there not a probability that the English language will one day be predominant in a large portion of our globe? What an incentive to labor among those who profess to be the teachers of mankind, in order that some memorial of their power may be left among these millions, in the form of a literature whose prevailing

characteristic shall be the sacred truth of God.

Liberal education in our land is rapidly on the increase; our colleges will soon be numbered by hundreds, and their alumni now are by thousands; myriads of our young men are acquiring intellectual development and a strength of mind which, to be retained and increased, must be carefully fed with the best aliment; and many of these young men, and young women too, in the good providence of God, have been led to the Saviour, and taken the first lessons in vital godliness. They successively pass from the watchful guardianship of Christian parents and devout instructors, individually to struggle with a pitiless world; a surging flood of temptations surrounds them; atheism presents its brazen front; rationalism advances its specious sophistry; and a so-called Liberal Christianity throws down the bars put up by God himself; error, under a thousand forms makes its insidious attacks; and it cannot be a matter of wonder that some of these tender lambs should be borne off in triumph by the ruthless invader. Shall these noble minds, these precious souls wander from the truth, lost to the world, themselves, and lost to God, because there is a dearth of enlarged thought and elevated sentiment in an attractive and fascinating garb? There is an urgent necessity, in order that these souls may be fed, for a noble, an essentially and thoroughly Christian literature; and God in His mercy will cause a supply to meet this want.

Who are to be the grand instruments of so grand a reform? They must be sought in the Church. And who, of all the Church, so likely as the recognized teachers thereof? The ministers of Christ are presumed to make these high and noble subjects their life long study; and to minister acceptably and profitably to the Church, both by the living voice and the pen, ministers must be men of profound and laborious study, and of deep and solicitous research into the mysteries of godliness—men of keen discrimination and mature intellect. This is an age of sophistry, and men of talent and education are preaching and writing with intent to subvert the Christian's hope. To contend successfully against mere declamatory efforts will be unavailing; argument must be met by argument; sophistry must be exposed and defeated by the clear blaze of truth. As the world advances the character of our congregations necessarily changes. We preach to minds as acute and well developed as our own—to hearers who read both sides of a question for themselves, and who, it may be, are not unwilling to detect flaws in our argument or fallacies in our logic; and while we assume that the union of the Spirit is essential that a preacher or writer may be successful in his work, we must not expect God to perform a miracle in compensation for our neglect of the means He has provided to qualify us for our duties. And it would require no less than a miracle to enable an ill-stored, undisciplined mind to contend successfully with the keen intellects who are engaged in undermining the Christian's faith. We must also remember, that while earnest, faithful pastoral labor cannot fail in accomplishing much, the grand alarm must be sounded, the grand assault must be made in public. From the pulpit the trumpet must give no uncertain sound, and from the study must issue the words which from generation to generation shall startle, convict, comfort and build up mankind.

## Bucksport, Me.

## Our Book Table.

Robert Carter & Brothers have provided for the holidays a beautiful edition of the devotional works of Rev. James Hamilton, D. D. They form four stout 16mo volumes. There are no sweeter, more scriptural, or tender discourses and religious meditations than the widely circulated publications of Dr. Hamilton. The very interesting life of the devoted preacher of the National Scotch Church, Regent Square, London, by Dr. William Arnot, giving a fresh recital of the occasion of his successive treatises, from "Life in Earnest" to his lectures upon the "Psalter and Hymn Book," and the wide distribution and usefulness of many of them, has awakened a fresh interest in them. Collected in the present attractive and handsome form, they will enjoy, as they deserve, a renewed patronage from the Christian public. Who that has read his "Mount of Olives" and "Pearl of Parables" but finds delight in their re-perusal?

Another delightful spiritual work, by the same publishers, is *CLEETS OF THE ROCK*; or, The Believer's Grounds of Confidence in Christ. By J. R. Macduff, D. D. 16mo, 418 pp. By a touching story of an infant, sheltered by the love of its Highland mother in a deep cleft of the rocks upon a mountain side, and surviving the terrible tempest of a storm, although the exposed mother herself perished, the eloquent and spiritual Scotch doctor introduces his volume, and in seventeen short, Biblical discourses, sets forth the divine person, character, attributes, sympathy, tenderness, love, ability and willingness of Christ to shelter, as in the cleft of a rock, the repeating sinners. It is an admirable companion for hours of private devotion, as well as suggestive in pulpit preparation.

From the same house, also, we have *EXPOSITORY NOTES ON THE BOOK OF JESAYAH*, by Dr. Howard Crosby. This thin duodecimo is intended to be a popular exposition of this interesting book, being prepared primarily for the aid of those engaged upon the International Lessons. It is a clear, succinct, very frank and comprehensive exegesis of all the passages in this book that need a comment. The learned chancellor does not give the steps by which he reaches his conclusions, nor the opinions of other authors, nor the philological reasons upon which his interpretations are based; but in the use of the widest critical apparatus, after a thorough study, with a specially exegetical habit of mind, he presents his own confirmed views. This makes the volume a very positive and a very interesting book of comments. No one is left in doubt as to Dr.

Crosby's opinions of Isaiah of Jericho, of the delay of the sun upon Gibeon, and of the moon over Aijalon, or any other much-discussed point in this book.

From the Riverside Press of Hurd & Houghton comes the last literary work of Mrs. Clemmer Ames—the author herself just now, to the astonishment of all her friends, without any of the usual occasions for such a course, in a remarkably amiable manner, divorced, by his own seeking, from her husband, their lines of life having been, by differences of taste, separated from each other. If this had occurred before the appearance of the story in *The Every Saturday*, there would have been a new interest thrown about the volume. The story is one of modern social and domestic life. It illustrates marital infidelities, without the usual viciousness and false estimates of such unhappy alliances. The story is pure, told with much pathos, and develops, in the moral of its events, the righteous nemesis following vanity and sin, and the great peace that attends righteousness in all the relations of life.

Albert Mason publishes Rev. W. C. Wilkinson's inclusive, and not always too general reviews, under the title of *A FREE LANCE IN THE FIELD OF LIFE AND LETTERS*. The papers composing the work have appeared heretofore in religious weeklies, chiefly in *The Independent*, and attracted much attention at the time of their publication. Some of them occasioned considerable counter criticism. In this day of over-valuation and of malicious and libelous abuse, it is refreshing, even if sometimes a little exasperating, to read an honest, original, and suggestive criticism. However we may fall to accept every point made in Mr. Wilkinson's review of George Eliot's novels, of Mr. Lowell's poetry, and of Bryant's poetry and translations, we can but admire the genuine pluck and the fine temper with which the writer pounds his own canons and philosophies, and then measures his subjects by them. The volume is certainly a very stimulating one.

The American Bible Union, New York, has issued, in the form of a thin octavo, for the small price of \$1.00, a desirable commentary upon Joshua, for students in the International Series of Lessons during the coming year. It is entitled *HEROES AND JUDGES*; An International Sunday-school Commentary, with the sacred text revised by Rev. H. B. Hackett, D. D., and Rev. George W. Bliss, D. D., the notes prepared by Rev. Franklin Johnson, D. D. It is, in fact, a commentary upon the book of Joshua, written by one of the greatest of our writers, and of Bryant's poetry and translations, we can but admire the genuine pluck and the fine temper with which the writer pounds his own canons and philosophies, and then measures his subjects by them. The volume is certainly a very stimulating one.

Mr. James H. Earle, 21 Cornhill, the publisher of *The Contributor*, has issued, in the form of a handsome duodecimo of 330 pages, a memorial volume, entitled *CHARLES SUMNER, WITH MEMOIR AND EULOGIES*. It contains nearly all that is gathered in the sumptuous book published by the State, with valuable additional matter. The biographical sketch is written by Wm. M. Cornell, LL. D., and the volume has also been compiled and edited by him. It contains the eulogies delivered by Mr. Banks, Carl Schurz, by the eloquent colored Representative, R. B. Elliot, and by George William Curtis. It also has the sharpest, clearest, and most characteristic estimate of Sumner, called forth by his death, written by one of our greatest and most loved men, but weighed him in an even balance—Bishop Gilbert Haven. The book is a valuable compendium of memorial eulogies laid upon the great Senator's tomb.

*ESTELLE*; A Novel, by Mrs. Annie Edwards. New York: Sheldon & Co. This is a "society" tale, of more than average power. Mrs. Edwards is an original writer, and has established her claim to the wide audience she now secures for her latest volume, by her previous works. As published in England, this volume bore the title of "Creeds." The present is the name of the heroine; the former was suggested by the part the Roman priesthood plays in the tale.

Lee & Shepard publish for schools, and for parlor recreation, *THE EXHIBITION DRAMA*, by George M. Baker; A Selection of Plays, Comedies and Farces, with Dramatic and Moral Entertainments. The author's previous works of a similar character have been well received. His selections are fresh, adapted to the hour, full and varied.

Hitchcock & Walden publish a very handsome 16mo volume of 327 pages, entitled *SCENES IN EUROPE; or, Observations on an Amateur Artist*, by Loretta J. Post. It is a pleasantly written account of a tour over portions of Ireland, Wales, England, and the Continent. The author, a good observer, had read well before her tour, writes clearly and vividly upon a threadbare theme, and makes a very interesting volume of it.

*SINGERS AND SONGS OF THE LIBERAL FAITH*, by Alfred P. Putnam. Small octavo, 556 pp. Boston: Roberts Brothers. This beautiful volume, upon the finest paper and clearest type, is well worthy of its tasteful setting. The singers, indeed, are men whose confessions of religious faith rank them with the Unitarian body of believers (a few of them are Unitarians); but the songs are not, save in rare instances, offensive to the orthodox faith or taste. They have not the sensuousness of Moravian hymns, the unctuous and fire of Wesley, the "substance of doctrine" of Watts, or the crimson of Newton and Cowper, and they will not therefore, any considerable number of them, enter into the list of the "hymns of the ages;" but many of them are exquisitely sweet, and full of genuine Christian emotion and true pathos, as well as gems of lyrical beauty. The talented compiler has well said, in his preface, "there is but little heresy in hymns." The heart, under spiritual inspiration, sings common songs. Many of these hymns are occasional—dedication and festival songs. Some of them, like a few of Bryant's, Pierpont's, and Sears', have already been gathered into permanent collections of hymns now used by Orthodox Churches. The writers of this collection are all Americans. The introductory essay and the biographical sketches are well done by the accomplished editor.

Nichols & Hall publish a handsome little quarto, entitled *HYMNS AND RHYMES FOR HOME AND SCHOOL*, collected by Mrs. C. S. Guild. This is a pleasant little compilation of ballads and songs, with bits of descriptive and amusing poetry, particularly fitted for family reading. Excellent taste has presided over the selection. It makes a fine holiday gift-book for young persons.

A. S. Barnes & Co. send us *COLLEGE SELF-REPORTING CLASS BOOK*, for the use of Public and Private Schools. It contains an ample calendar, and space for reporting recitations and the deportment of students. Teachers will do well to examine it.

*NEW MUSIC*. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.: "Angels' Grand March," by A. J. R. Watson; "Rondo," by Haydn, arranged by H. Mayhew; "Innocence," words from the German; by Edward C. Oliver.

## LETTER

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### The Methodist Church.

#### LETTER FROM CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Sabbath, the 13th, was an important day with the Methodists of Cleveland. On that day was dedicated the finest Church edifice in the city. It fronts upon Euclid Avenue and Erie Street (the most conspicuous corner on the avenue), and is convenient to the best residences of the city, and not far from the business centre and leading hotels—midway between the humble abodes toward the Lake shore and the manufacturing portion of the city—within easy reach of the best and the worst, and the "stranger within the gates."

The Society secured this fine location while their Church home was on St. Clair Street. A chapel, 47x75 feet, fronting on Erie, was built, and has been occupied for some years. This contains the parlors, pastor's study and class-rooms; and the former audience room will now be remodeled and made one of the finest Sunday-school rooms of the city. The corner-stone of the main edifice was laid in October 1871. The work of construction has been gradual, as the people have felt able to meet the expense; but the material used is of the best, and the workmanship of the first order.

The building dedicated Sunday has a frontage on Euclid Avenue of 76 feet, and on Erie Street of 117 feet. The walls are mainly of Sandusky limestone, roughly dressed. The auditorium is 97x64 feet, with a gallery on the sides and one end. The seats are curved, and the seating capacity is about 1,200. There are seven stained glass windows on each side, and a rosette window eighteen feet in diameter in the front, amply lighting by day, and the seven feet prismatic reflectors in the ceiling, with numerous side lights, by night.

The organ (the finest in the city) was built by George H. Ryder of Boston, of which the *Cleveland Herald* has the following, which will be of interest to Bostonians: "It was but fitting that so superb an instrument as the organ of the new Methodist Church on the corner of Euclid Avenue and Erie Street should have a formal dedication, and the occasion of this ceremony attracted a large and highly appreciative audience. The concert was in every way creditable to those engaged in it. The organists were Prof. Wamelink, and Mr. George H. Ryder of Boston, the builder of the instrument, and a player of uncommon merit. . . . Cleveland has now an organ which will rank among the best instruments in this country."—And another daily says, "It was the verdict of musicians that the organ is the finest in the city;" and an organ builder generously said to Mr. Ryder that, in addition to its great perfection in other respects, its mechanical work was the best he had ever seen on it." [We congratulate our good Bro. Ryder on having attained our decided sensation. Having enjoyed the privilege of hearing and testing the noble instrument before its removal from our city, we do not wonder at it in the least.—ED. HERALD.]

The property has cost \$120,000, \$38,000 of which remained to be provided for at dedication—a large sum to raise anywhere, at any time; but the society had made up its mind to pay the debt within itself, and on the previous evening were able to put their hands on more than \$20,000 of it; but more than \$31,000 were pledged in a little more than thirty minutes after the pastor completed his statement of the finances; and for lack of more time to receive them, the people, like the children of Israel, had to be restrained in their offerings.

Bishop Haven was expected for one of the services, but having telegraphed that he could not come, Bishop R. S. Foster preached a masterly discourse in the morning from Genesis 1, 1. The indebtedness and the dedication were then attended to, and a union service was held at 2.30, p. m., at which prominent ministers of most of the evangelical denominations spoke, saying the kindest things of the Methodists. Rev. H. C. Hayden, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, among other things, said, "it strikes one as a little novel, at first, that the followers of John Wesley should lead us in this matter of churches; and when anybody asks us who has the finest church, the best auditorium, the biggest organ in the city, to say the Methodists! I remember it is so in Baltimore—not much otherwise in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and elsewhere—almost anywhere. If these good brethren have an understanding with John Wesley, I presume it is all right."

In the evening Dr. Wentworth, of the *Ladies' Repository*, preached from 1 Cor. 1, 23. "But we preach Christ crucified." The pastor, Rev. C. W. Cushing, formerly of Boston, who began his labors at this Church in October last, has proved eminently acceptable. He is doing solid work, and great results are looked for ere the close of the Conference year.

scolding of anniversary speech-makers, etc.

Several of the pastors are moving for extra revival services which shall extend beyond the week of prayer, and the indications are encouraging.

Brother Anderson, of Asbury Church, Providence, is rejoicing in a good work of grace. Brother Leavitt, the esteemed pastor of Chestnut Street Church, occupied his pulpit one Sunday recently, but was prostrated again on Monday. He has the sympathy and prayers of his Church and of his ministerial brethren, who look for his early recovery.

Brother Mumford, a distinguished layman in the First Church, Newport, who was severely injured by a railroad accident several months since, from which he will probably never fully recover, has just buried his wife, with whom he had lived many years. Brother Conant, our faithful State Temperance Agent, is hard at work, and hopes to prevent the disaster which came upon the cause in Massachusetts.

The friends of the Academy at East Greenwich will be pleased to learn that the institution is unusually prosperous. The boarding hall is nearly full, the chairs of the several departments are filled with faithful and devoted teachers. The principal, Brother Blakelee, is very popular.

Dr. Talbot, the pastor of the Church in Warren, is preparing a history of that Church (one of the earliest in New England, as well as one of the best). If all the pastors would attend to this important work many interesting facts might be rescued from oblivion which otherwise will be lost. We are rapidly making history; why not preserve it? If we fail to do it, will not our children "Wish, as dutiful sons, their fathers were more wise?"

SOW AMST.

#### EAST TEMPLETON, MASS.

Our Church at this place has received extensive repairs and additions, costing nearly \$2,000. The society accomplished the work by heroic sacrifice, though great credit is due many in the community for their sympathy and liberality. Among the many to be mentioned as having borne a noble part in this work, Hodge, Fales, Ingals, Stockwell, and Chase made the largest contributions, and by their example inspired others. Mrs. Peckham is worthy of mention for enabling the trustees to purchase a bell, as probably the village would not have been without a bell had she not have led in this enterprise.

The Church was re-opened Dec. 9th, with an earnest and eloquent sermon by Rev. R. B. Meredith, of Springfield—terms not meaningless, for many are ready to testify to the powerful impression left upon them.

In the evening, after prayer by Brother Atkins, of Gardner, Brother Ward, formerly of the New Hampshire Conference, made a short and pointed address. Brother Herrick, of Ashburnham, blended finances and religion, and made all feel it a privilege to bear burdens for Christ; Bro. Adams, of Hubbardston, after a few practical remarks, invited the people to the altar for consecration, thus closing one of the most profitable and enjoyable days for the brethren here. And now, with one of the best paragonages on Worcester District, a church meeting every demand of the present, and the community generally in sympathy, we see no reason why—by the blessing of God—this Church should not early become strong in numbers and resources.

#### MILFORD, MASS.

Our Society has just completed very extensive improvements in their church, among which we notice a very commodious entrance, re-frescoing and re-carpeting throughout, new pulpit chairs, a ladies' parlor finished and furnished, a large and rich-toned Johnson organ placed in the new rear addition, etc. The Church moves forward into a still brighter era, is united and hopeful, and has a good share of that faith by which mountains of difficulty are cast into the sea. Its membership is above two hundred, and the congregation large and attentive. From our Sabbath-school nursery many youth are developing into a true Christian manhood and womanhood, and many adults are bearing the fruit of wisdom and piety, under the very able management of Dr. G. L. Cook, whose quarter-century of superintendence of the same school hardly has a parallel in the Church to-day.

At the re-opening, on the 10th, Rev. Dr. Townsend's sermon will long be remembered—a crisp and incisive discourse upon faith. His treatment of it was very bold, and calculated to inspire Christians with power to triumph over every obstacle that might be imposed as a test of prayer. Dr. Sherman, Presiding Elder of Boston District, was present, as also several of the clergy, including a number of the previous pastors.

#### CHICAGO JOTTINGS.

Yesterday the Preachers' Meeting was quite full, many having heard of the arrival in the city of Bishop Harris, who, after his introduction, said he was glad to get home, and knew he should feel at home among the Chicago people. He called the brethren's attention to the General Conference, authorizing a Judicial Conference, but with no provisions for expenses, and wanted Chicago Methodism to entertain the twenty-one men who would soon be here bearing four appeals. He thought, as they paid their own traveling expenses, they could be cared for

in the Methodist homes, where the General Conference was so well entertained. The brethren thought so too. This conference will attract considerable attention, since the four causes are brought here to save expenses, and will continue probably for a week or two.

A lively discussion sprang up on the City Church Extension question, during which it was found that we hold all the posts so thoroughly manned before the great fire, and have added several outposts since. This was peculiarly gratifying, since other denominations have lost several churches—the Presbyterians seven. There had been a profusion of resolutions and recommendations, but considerable money raised, both in good pledges and paid into the Society. Several calls were loud and urgent.

Dr. Edwards introduced the question of a special agent to take charge and forward the supplies now coming in for the grasshopper sufferers. The efficient editor of the *Northwestern* was requested to take charge himself, and employ such clerical help as he might need. The calls for help are heard here with a strong tone, and the answers that are coming back are very creditable in many instances. Our people will certainly do their share; but the whole land ought to forward relief to these needy people, who for many months yet will be unable to raise supplies.

The Ladies' Temperance Union is holding a protracted meeting in Clark Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and has captured the sympathy of the clergyman of the city. The Preachers' Meeting delegated five men to attend during the week—one each night.

The book trade in general is rather quiet, thus far. The stock is not very full, and buyers are holding off as long as possible before purchasing holiday supplies. As in other business, this is dull. Many mechanics are out of employment, anxious to earn a support for their families. There is some anxiety as to how the people will fare this winter. Plenty of money in the banks, locked up, and plenty of food if the money was in circulation to buy it. But, amidst all of these cares the Lord is reviving His work, and souls are coming to Christ. It is thought that there will be a great ingathering this winter.

The city Churches report conversions and accessions steadily. Centenary (J. O. Peck's) is crowded, and ought to send off two healthy swarms. Thirteen hundred members are too many for any one man to look after. One brother said yesterday they were a great mass, with slight tinges of dry rot.

J. O. FOSTER.

#### CHURCH EXTENSION.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Board of Church Extension for December, the last regular meeting for the year, applications were granted exceeding the amount in the treasury, by donations, \$10,025; by loans, \$11,030; 96; making a total overdraft on the treasury of \$21,055.96.

The Board earnestly appeals to pastors to take liberal collections and forward the amount to the treasurer, James Long, esq., 1020 Arch Street, Philadelphia, with the least possible delay, as important Church interests will suffer unless aid, in several cases, can be promptly furnished.

After granting the above amount the Board was constrained to decline applications asking donations to the amount of \$19,645, and loans to the amount of \$31,525, many of which are truly needy and meritorious; but the utter impossibility of obtaining the requisite funds constrained this action.

Will not our pastors and people deal more generously with this good cause? The facts in each case seeking aid are carefully and fully ascertained, and great care is used in the disbursement of funds. The entire work of aiding Churches at a distance should be carried forward in the manner prescribed by the Discipline; and if every pastor will lay the facts fully before his congregation sufficient funds can be placed in the treasury to do it. When our people shall contribute liberally to this collection they can, with propriety, send all applicants for aid to relieve Churches at a distance to the Board of Church Extension, and the annoying system of special begging be entirely superseded. Let this cause receive prompt and liberal support.

#### RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The freedom permitted in the matter of religious worship in Rome under the Italian government, and the growth of Protestantism in that city, appear to be very satisfactory to the majority of the Roman people, who find themselves gainers by the impulse given to intellectual activity, and by the sums expended by foreign societies in carrying on their various enterprises. Whatever dissatisfaction may exist is of course inspired by the Vatican.

The Wesleyan Methodist *Commercial Record and Year Book* gives the number of Methodist members throughout the world as 3,692,768, those on trial not included, nor the large number of hearers, Sunday scholars, and communicants who are not members. The number of ministers appears to be 23,514.

The American Episcopal Church intends to have one missionary bishopric in Japan and one in China. Bishop Williams has been appointed to the former, and Rev. Mr. Orrick, of Reading, Pa., elected by the recent Convention, to the latter.

The Pope has absolutely refused to recommend the bishops imprisoned in Brazil to resign their sees as a measure for the reconciliation of their differences with the government of that country.

### Commercial.

#### BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.  
Dec. 31, 1874.  
Flour—Superfine, \$4.25 @ 4.75; extra, \$3.00 @ 3.50; No. 1, \$2.50 @ 3.00; No. 2, \$2.00 @ 2.50; No. 3, \$1.50 @ 2.00; No. 4, \$1.00 @ 1.50; No. 5, \$0.75 @ 1.00; No. 6, \$0.50 @ 0.75; No. 7, \$0.25 @ 0.50; No. 8, \$0.10 @ 0.25; No. 9, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 10, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 11, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 12, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Wheat—No. 1, \$1.25 @ 1.50; No. 2, \$1.00 @ 1.25; No. 3, \$0.75 @ 1.00; No. 4, \$0.50 @ 0.75; No. 5, \$0.25 @ 0.50; No. 6, \$0.10 @ 0.25; No. 7, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 8, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 9, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 10, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Corn—No. 1, \$0.75 @ 0.85; No. 2, \$0.60 @ 0.70; No. 3, \$0.45 @ 0.55; No. 4, \$0.30 @ 0.40; No. 5, \$0.15 @ 0.25; No. 6, \$0.10 @ 0.15; No. 7, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 8, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 9, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 10, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Oats—No. 1, \$0.40 @ 0.45; No. 2, \$0.30 @ 0.35; No. 3, \$0.20 @ 0.25; No. 4, \$0.10 @ 0.15; No. 5, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 6, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 7, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 8, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Rye—No. 1, \$0.50 @ 0.55; No. 2, \$0.40 @ 0.45; No. 3, \$0.30 @ 0.35; No. 4, \$0.20 @ 0.25; No. 5, \$0.10 @ 0.15; No. 6, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 7, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 8, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 9, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Barley—No. 1, \$0.60 @ 0.65; No. 2, \$0.50 @ 0.55; No. 3, \$0.40 @ 0.45; No. 4, \$0.30 @ 0.35; No. 5, \$0.20 @ 0.25; No. 6, \$0.10 @ 0.15; No. 7, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 8, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 9, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 10, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Malt—No. 1, \$0.70 @ 0.75; No. 2, \$0.60 @ 0.65; No. 3, \$0.50 @ 0.55; No. 4, \$0.40 @ 0.45; No. 5, \$0.30 @ 0.35; No. 6, \$0.20 @ 0.25; No. 7, \$0.10 @ 0.15; No. 8, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 9, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 10, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 11, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Hops—No. 1, \$1.00 @ 1.25; No. 2, \$0.75 @ 1.00; No. 3, \$0.50 @ 0.75; No. 4, \$0.25 @ 0.50; No. 5, \$0.10 @ 0.25; No. 6, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 7, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 8, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 9, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Clover—No. 1, \$0.40 @ 0.45; No. 2, \$0.30 @ 0.35; No. 3, \$0.20 @ 0.25; No. 4, \$0.10 @ 0.15; No. 5, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 6, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 7, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 8, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Timothy—No. 1, \$0.30 @ 0.35; No. 2, \$0.20 @ 0.25; No. 3, \$0.10 @ 0.15; No. 4, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 5, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 6, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 7, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Hay—No. 1, \$0.20 @ 0.25; No. 2, \$0.10 @ 0.15; No. 3, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 4, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 5, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 6, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Potatoes—No. 1, \$0.10 @ 0.15; No. 2, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 3, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 4, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 5, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Onions—No. 1, \$0.10 @ 0.15; No. 2, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 3, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 4, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 5, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Cabbages—No. 1, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 2, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 3, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 4, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Turnips—No. 1, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 2, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 3, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 4, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Beets—No. 1, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 2, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 3, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 4, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Carrots—No. 1, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 2, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 3, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 4, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Parsnips—No. 1, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 2, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 3, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 4, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Celery—No. 1, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 2, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 3, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 4, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Spinach—No. 1, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 2, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 3, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 4, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Lettuce—No. 1, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 2, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 3, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 4, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Cauliflower—No. 1, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 2, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 3, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 4, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
Brussels Sprouts—No. 1, \$0.05 @ 0.10; No. 2, \$0.02 @ 0.05; No. 3, \$0.01 @ 0.02; No. 4, \$0.00 @ 0.01.  
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# ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1874.

We plead with a hearty earnestness for a hearing on the part of our ministers, as the New Year opens, because, without the slightest personal advantage, we seek to accomplish an object in which they have a common interest, and to secure a great denominational and Christian service.

We desire to expose a much larger amount upon the columns of the HERALD this year than last; and this we can do, and still contribute to the general fund, as ministerial brethren will give us the full measure of their influence with the people.

It is a depressing hour, peculiarly, and in the general curtailment the suggestion will arise to drop the family paper. A word from the pastor, calling attention to the silent but powerful influence of a religious and denominational sheet, meeting the eyes of the young people in the family weekly, the comfort it will be in hours of enforced absence from the house of God, and the immense library of information that it will afford in the course of the year, will turn the oscillating scale to the right side. There are many young people that live where there are few books. The only reading that will come to their hands is the secular newspaper. To broaden their religious views, to strengthen their newly formed resolutions, to establish them in Christian principles, and inspire them with a holy charity that will consecrate their talents and their wealth, when it comes, to the highest objects, they need the stimulating and nurturing columns of a religious paper.

Will pastors give us their visiting hours during the first week of the year? Encourage every former subscriber to renew. Remember we are indulgent in reference to the hour of payment—if desired, waiting until the Spring Conference. But let no one break the chain of his communication with the Church and the religious world by dropping his paper. We also crave a few thousand more subscribers. We have arranged with a number of our best writers in every department of the paper, and can safely promise a marked improvement, although we have abundant reason to know that it met a hearty welcome at its readers last year. Our Sunday-school columns will be abreast, as they have been, of the leading religious sheets. We have ample resources for our doctrinal paper, and have engagements with the finest pens to provide literary, scientific, and biographical papers, with interesting home and foreign correspondence. Glance ahead at the Publisher's advertisement, and then give us one more resolute effort.

Two of our official sheets came to us last week, ornamented with wood cuts—the *Northern* and the *Atlanta Advocate*. They were Christmas papers, and were otherwise well filled with appropriate and interesting articles, in prose and poetry. But the illustrations are far from being ornamental. The first unsanctified impression of our publisher, as he opened the *Northern*, was, that it had published upon its first page the figure of the person "whose name is not mentioned in good society." Of course this was a mistake; but it is a pity that so orthodox a paper should even suggest such a thought. We cannot, for the life of us, after careful examination, tell what the picture does represent. There is one sense only in which we could say, "It looks like Time!"

## THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The hour itself is much more impressive than the little observations it usually suggests. It is a period when "silence is golden." The obvious practical reflections have been so constantly repeated that they awaken little sensibility. But the hour should not be permitted to slip away unheeded. It is a great providential mercy that these significant eras interrupt the silent and unceasing passage of time. If there were no stations and boundaries along the path of human life we should have little conception of the rapidity with which we hurry through it, and lose the most favorable opportunities to impress our minds with our responsibility as to its improvement, and to redeem the future from the mistakes and errors of the past.

In one of his thoughtful and eloquent discourses the late great preacher of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, England, likens our habitual unconsciousness of the unintermitted passage of time to the marble statue in a fountain, from whose fingers the waters are constantly flowing; but in our instance responsibility attaches, although the hours flow past us while we remain unconscious as the lifeless marble to the ever-flowing stream. Over the gateway to the quadrangle of one of the colleges at Oxford, upon the face of the clock, are these impressive words inscribed: *p. r. e. s. e. n. t. e. d. i. m. p. u. t. a. n. t. u. r.;* they perish, but they are charged. God is lavish of His hours, but they are not forgotten, and they record the treatment they receive at our hands in divine "books." The shorter periods—months, weeks and days—slip so rapidly by that we hardly take any note of their passage; but when we are involuntarily reminded that so considerable a portion of our whole life as one seventieth of it, at the longest limit, has swept by, in apparently the space of a hand's breadth, the most thoughtless are aroused to some consideration of the flight of time.

In these moments of enforced thoughtfulness we cannot drive from our minds the great duties of this life, and its relation to the unmeasured period that stretches beyond the clouds that bound our present horizon. We cannot stop our own thoughts; and conscience, however torpid it may have been throughout the year, seems to be awak-

ened by a divine voice, and reports its judicial prerogative. Few persons can turn their eyes back upon the departed months without feeling a keen sense of regret at the small results that have been secured during all their gracious opportunities. Plans for mental improvement, for extended usefulness, for self-conquest, and for devoted consecration to Christian duty, have failed to reach their hoped-for and intended consummation. How much time has simply slipped away, unnoticed and unimproved! What a revenue of good might have been secured if every golden moment had simply brought its legitimate price! In many instances sins of omission, as numerous and as painful as they are, are not the most serious remembrances that through the memory and exasperate the conscience in such an hour. Christ has been wounded in the house of His friends, and in the presence of His enemies! What a panorama opens, from which one cannot withdraw his eyes if he would, as the dying year unrolls its silent but eloquent record in the chambers of memory!

It is a happy coincidence that the natal hour of the world's Saviour falls within these moments of self-examination. We are reminded, at an hour when we are peculiarly prepared to appreciate our need and His love, that we have a High Priest, touched with a feeling of our infirmity. The promise of the peace that follows pardon, which formed the angelic anthem over Bethlehem, breaks with a celestial voice upon the dark hours of regret and grief over broken promises and lost opportunities. "There is forgiveness with Him, that He may be feared."

It is a very serious loss to permit this natural and divine era to pass without receiving its appropriate and wholesome lessons. We wonder not that the fathers consecrated the last hours of the year to earnest watching, exhortation and prayer. We are more surprised that any rational person should devote such impressive moments to recreation or high revelry. One night, with almost as much propriety, arrange a feast in the presence of a dying friend. We need to avail ourselves of every helpful influence and association to awaken our minds to a due sense of the swift flight of the years, and to inspire ourselves with faith and courage to attempt the redemption of the hours to come. We cannot be unconscious of the peculiar mercy which has been extended to us in bringing us to the close of the year, and in preserving our family circle. How many have fallen, and now lie under the sea and under the sod! What a memory springs up at this moment in some hearts! Even now the sore is a fresh wound, and no grass has grown upon the mound that covers the dead! We are the living; let us pray, and praise God!

We ought not to step over the limits of the new year without something more than a new resolution. There is no new life without a new birth. We need to be born afresh of the Spirit into a fuller and sweeter life. *Triumph* will not come by accident. It will require only a day or two to settle us back into the old unconscious routine. Everything turns, under God, upon our being lifted up into a higher atmosphere, securing a wider horizon, and a richer view of the heavens above us. Before an important event Christ went into the mountains and prayed all night. How happy a preparation might be secured by such means for the solemn year that stretches only its outlines before us. We may certainly say serious discipline awaits us. God only holds its measure. We need not fear Him. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." If we walk in the light our fellowship will be with Him, and both His *rod* and His staff will comfort us.

## THE END OF A CHRISTIAN STATESMAN.

Our foreign files have been largely occupied for the last few weeks with the eventful crisis now existing in the bosom of the Reformed Church of France, on account of the defection of the extreme liberal wing, and their demand that they shall also be recognized as the State Church, although they refuse to be governed by the recent confession of faith adopted by the synod of the whole Church, lately held in Paris, under the lead of the great statesman, Guizot, just gathered to his fathers.

The singular feature of the contest is the fact that a minority secedes from the Church, professes the most ultra doctrines (which bear no resemblance to evangelical Christianity), and then, after illegal elections of Church officials, demands that the parent Church be repudiated, and they be installed in their place, or at least on an equal footing with them. The minister of public worship declines to recognize them as being within the lines of the State Church, and they break out in diatribes against those pure men who have remained true to the faith, and without whose labors the Reformed Church of France would have virtually disappeared.

The individual who receives the full measure of abuse from this uneasy and unreasonable faction is the famous statesman, Guizot, who, it is well known, was an ardent Protestant, and who felt that the crowning act of his long and spotless life would be the consolidation of his Church on reliable and lasting foundations. The last will and testament of this man, who so long shaped and fashioned the history of his country, and who so sincerely mourned over her vagaries, is the most magnificent proof that can be given of his piety, so rare in his native land; and we consider it a triumphant reply to

the accusations of his gratuitous slanderers. We quote from that portion of his religious faith:—

"I die in the bosom of the Christian Reformed Church, in which I rejoice that I was born. Ever persisting in communion with it, I have made use of the liberty of conscience which it grants to its faithful ones, and to which it owes its foundation. I have investigated, and I have doubted; I have believed that the strength of human reason was enough to solve the enigmas which the world and men offer, and that the strength of the human will would be sufficient to control the life of man, according to his moral aim."

"After having lived long, grown old, and reflected, I have convinced myself, and held firm to the conviction, that neither the world nor man is sufficient for self-explanation or self-control. It is my firm belief that God, who created the world and man, sustains and preserves, or modifies them by means of those general laws which we call natural, and which, like all general laws, proceed from His full and perfect wisdom and His endless power. Thus I have returned to my cradle, ever clinging to the intelligence and liberty which I received from God, and which are my honor and my right on this earth; but I have arrived there again to feel myself as a child in the hands of God, in heartfelt submission in my so large share of ignorance and weakness."

"I believe in God, and honor Him, without making the effort to comprehend Him. I see Him present and acting, not alone in the established order of the world, and in the hidden life of the soul, but also in the history of human fratricides, especially in the Old and New Testaments—monuments of the revelation and divine activity, through the mediation and sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ, for the salvation of mankind."

"I know before the mysteries of the Bible and the Gospel, and I hold aloof from the scientific discussions and solutions by which men seek to explain them. I cherish the confidence that God permits me to call myself a Christian, and I am convinced that in the light into which I shall soon pass we shall be able clearly to see the purely human origin and nothingness of the most of our earthly discussions concerning divine things."

Now, if this is not a pure faith, in the midst of almost universal corruption, we confess ourselves unable to appreciate what is. Verily, ten such pure Christians might have saved this modern Sodom, but they were scarcely to be found. And, with such a testimony behind him, these apostates venture to blacken his Christian record, and assume to sit in judgment on the ultimate aim of his activity in the last convocation of the Church authorities which was favored by his presence.

We believe there was more true Christianity in the soul of Guizot than could be extracted from the hearts of all his detractors who are now working with might and main to turn the parent stock out of the old homestead, and set up new and false gods in their stead. The success of these men would be the ruin of the Reformed Church of France, whose history, since the bitter days of the Reformation, has been one of singular severity and hardship—a condition of things which these men cannot feel, because they have no conviction in the matter, and no real love for the true Church of Christ. We wish them humiliating defeat.

## MY LAST YEAR OF LIFE.

To some, doubtless, of those whose eyes rest upon the title of this brief note, the year eighteen hundred and seventy-four will really be the last year of life. Before seventy-five shall close they will know what can only be known by the dead. They will exchange the associations of the present for those of the future. They will say farewell to all the cares and sorrows of this changed existence, and will have passed far beyond its fleeting, fading hopes and joys. They will come to the dying hour, the pain of parting, the silence of the coffin, the gloom of the grave, and the awards of eternity. Let every reader ask with solemn thoughtfulness, is it? To how many might the recording angel answer, Yes. How many are included in the number. God only knows. But the great question, after all, is not whether we shall live or die within the year, but rather, are we so living that, come when it may, death shall not surprise us? We are accustomed to prepare for the future. We make preparations for all contingencies. We need not run a particle of risk, even for a single hour. If Christ be ours, if He abides with us—an indwelling presence—then it will be well with us, whether living or dying, or dead.

Mercy stoops to every sinner this side the hour of doom, and whispers words of hope. Listened to and heeded, the peace that follows pardon, and the gift of God which is eternal life, become the portion of the penitent and believing soul. Will you accept? Will you, for whom this is the last year of life, make your probation a success, and secure a home in heaven by timely sorrow for sin and a vital faith in the Lord Jesus Christ?

Father Chiquay, the French convert from Romanism, has been preaching in Putnam, Conn., and twenty families have left the Romish Church. They have written to their priest that they have found Christ, the Great High Priest, and will therefore, need his services no longer. Chiquay has also been in Lowell, Webster and Nashua, and has had crowds to hear him. Several have already, in these places, formally left the Romish Church, while hundreds have been powerfully moved by his appeals.

## [Concluded.]

An incident of a most interesting kind has just occurred in connection with our foreign missions. You are of course aware that Methodism has a conspicuous share in the evangelical and spiritual revival which has distinguished the last fifty years among the Protestants of France. Indeed, some of the most valued and successful pastors of French Protestant Churches were converted under the ministry of such men as the late Charles Cook, Father Touss, and other Methodist missionaries from England.

One of these, M. Boucher, has been pastor of a French Protestant Church in Brussels for nearly if not quite half a century. Age and infirmity render it necessary for him to resign the active ministry, and he has retired to Lausanne, in Switzerland, where, as I understand, he has associated himself with our Society. This venerable and most useful man, as the time for his departure from Brussels approached, became greatly concerned for his flock. I should tell you that the Church, parsonage, and schools are his own private property, and entirely unencumbered. Looking around him, among the French Protestant pastors, he found that wherever it is evangelical it is more or less Calvinistic. Now he has adhered to the Methodist doctrine, and has always explicitly preached it, and he cannot endure the thought of any other doctrine being proclaimed in a place which, under God, is, so to speak, of his own creation. Doubtless he might sell his proprietary interest in the premises to great advantage, and so, as some would argue, quit himself of responsibility as to the future. But he could not so read his duty. What would, in that case, become of his flock, for whom, as God had gathered them into the fold through his instrumentality, he was bound to make the best provision in his power? Accordingly, he has made offer of the whole premises to our missionary committee, as a free gift. Moreover, as he cannot transfer his flock in the same manner as the stones, seats, etc., he offers to spend a sufficient time in Brussels for the purpose of introducing any minister whom we may appoint to the members of his Church; and is sanguine that, for the most part, he will receive a hearty welcome, and soon find himself at the head of a flourishing Wesleyan Church and congregation. It is a singular instance of clerical devotion and disinterestedness; and it appeared to be so marked a Providential opportunity that I believe the missionary committee appointed a deputation to visit Brussels, and prosecute the necessary inquiries and negotiations.

One of the best meetings held in London this autumn was the first anniversary meeting of the Metropolitan Methodist Lay Mission, held on Monday evening last, in the City Road Chapel, under the presidency of Sir Charles Reed, chairman of the London School Board. The venerable and beautiful sanctuary was completely filled with an enthusiastic audience; and in this spite of what I hope you, in America, know nothing about—a genuine, choking, blinding, lung-loading, eye-smarting London fog. Sir Charles, who occupies one of the highest moral elevations in the esteem of London Christians, and who is the son of that great philanthropist, the late Dr. Andrew Reed, gave an admirable tone to the meeting, speaking evidently under a more than ordinary spiritual influence and emotion. Our eloquent President, in an exquisite address as I ever heard him deliver, followed suit, and three or four other favorite speakers did justice to the great and solemn theme. Some 36 paid, and more than 500 voluntary agents are already at work under the auspices of the mission, and a very encouraging harvest has already been reaped.

Speaking of our President, you will most likely have heard some exaggerated reports as to his recent illness. It is the misfortune of those who attain eminence in this country—and I fancy the same is true of yours—to be occasionally the victims of a prurient curiosity, and anything but courteous gossip. If our Queen were to fall down a step, the fact would be noted in the *Court Circular*, and in a day or two she would at least have broken a leg. If Mr. Thiers sneezes, he is represented as mortally ill at Mentona, or some such place, or, at any rate, in danger of low fever or aggravated bronchitis. And if our President—especially such a President as Dr. Punshon—"feels a little but poorly," the Methodist world is agitated by the rumor that he is alarmingly and dangerously ill. When our beloved Secretary, on his return from America, the other day, landed at Cork, one of the first things said to him, in such a manner as almost to knock him down with fright, was, "have you heard about the President?" Mr. Smith's first impression was that his life-long friend must be dead, and it was sometime before he recovered from the shock which this abrupt query inflicted. Happily, the President's illness, though inflicting sharp pain, was not serious; and he is now well, and at work again.

But our dear brother, Gervase Smith, has had to encounter a real and a dreadful calamity in his own family. He returned home just in time to see his brother, Dr. Edward Smith, in mortal illness, to wait upon him for a day or two, and then to witness his unexpected end. Dr. Smith was a medical man, of eminent attainments, and high professional repute. For some years he has been a Poor-Law Inspector; and his death is a great loss to his profession, to general science, and especially

to his many friends. Let me conclude by commending our and your beloved friend, and the other members of his family to the sympathy and prayers of your readers.

YOUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

## Monthlies for the New Year.

The great monthlies open their New Year's budgets promptly, and with pardonable self-complacency. *Harper* never was fresher, fuller of interest, more crowded with fine illustrations, with a better editorial *melange*, or gave richer promise for the future than with the opening of 1875.

*Scribner* opens with the first chapter of a new tale by its accomplished editor, Dr. Holland. He calls it "The Story of the Seven Oaks." This is, of course, a leading attraction, but only one of many. Its illustrations are very fine, and its list of writers of the highest class.

Lee & Shepard are to publish *Old and New* with the beginning of the next year; but it bears the same characteristics, and has the same inimitable editor—Rev. E. E. Hale. This number has a valuable paper on the telegraph, a thoughtful essay by Dr. James Martineau on the Protestant Theory of Authority, Athanasius Coquerel's sharp and prejudiced review of Guizot, Wallon's *Trades Unions*, and others, with varied editorials.

*Lippincott* is always handsome in its illustrations and letter-press, and is always filled with a good variety of solid and light literature. What can be found to fill the pages hereof, and in this number, occupied by the New Year, which have so amused their readers? It is a fine monthly.

*The Galaxy*, published by Sheldon & Co., has a character all its own. It usually has a strong political article, or a series of them, like those furnished by Secretary Wallon. It is also very successful in its selection of regular correspondents, and always spreads an attractive editorial table.

*The Atlantic* needs no fresh introduction. The last Presbyterian contains a letter from its Boston correspondent, Rev. Mr. Baker, who thus speaks of the well-known publishing house from which this monthly now issues:—

"I do not know when I have enjoyed myself more, as Editor, than when, thus when, some thirty others, I sat down to a dinner, given at the Parker House here by the publishers of *The Atlantic Monthly*, last evening, to their contributors. After some experience of publishers, I can conscientiously say that I never knew any who so gracefully and ungrudgingly acquiesced with strict business principles than the habit of H. O. Houghton & Co., the firm in question. Only last week a literary gentleman from Montreal called to see me in reference to a manuscript book of his, in which he had proved, with great exactness, through facts and figures, the dramatic of Shakespeare, a volume having been published, as you know, of late, to establish the fact that Hamlet was the rest, are children of 'broad-brained Verulam,' and not of 'the divine William.' The friend in question told me of the somewhat rough reception he had suffered at the hands of other editors, and then showed me a letter of declaration from the firm of which I am speaking, so gracefully phrased as to go far toward reconciling the author to his disappointment. I was glad to know that what I had supposed their peculiar courtesy to me during a long dealing with them was but the habit of their life toward all."

## Editorial Paragraphs.

No portion of the short and animated address made by Rev. J. M. Buckley at the Boston Preachers' Meeting, a week since, met with a more ready and sympathetic response than his sharp, nervous words upon the subject of the public services of thanksgiving, as he styled it, of putting up hundred thousand dollar edifices, and leaving a debt of sixty thousand dollars upon them. He referred to several marked instances where the hammer of the auctioneer already threatened the sanctity of the place, and only the most heroic self-sacrifice on the part of the members of the league, and the help of others, could save them from such a shameful ordeal. If the cause of religion did not suffer in these painful pinches, which always follow the attempted union of pride with poverty, we could look with great complacency upon the enforced sale of a few of these ambitious edifices; but who can estimate the effect upon a Church of such an oppressive debt, or the reaction of a final failure? In the struggle for life incident to such a condition of things, every other interest is absorbed in the one work of paying the interest, if not of reducing the debt. The pulpit must administer to this, as its great office, or it is a failure. No great charity can be pleaded, for the "Greeks are at the doors." "I have made up my mind," said an excellent man in our hearing, the other day, when the claims of an important church enterprise were presented to him, "not to subscribe for anything else until our debt is paid." Think of the children and young people of a Church being brought up to give only to the reduction of a debt upon their own house of worship! Think of the whole force and energy of the Church devoted, through false and selfish motives, to the "paying of the debt!" It is the great fault and folly of the debt. Let us repeat and reform. Neatness, good taste and comeliness can be secured at a reasonable price. Spices, turkeys and towers simply add to the expense, but not the comfort.

We have read in advance the sheets of a new book, just ready for publication by Lee & Shepard, and written by that well-known newspaper correspondent and author, Mr. Charles Carlton Coffin. He calls his story after the name of his hero, Calix Krinkle. It is a characteristic tale of New England life, and carries the reader along its five hundred handsomely printed pages without weariness, often producing very decided impressions by its pathetic and well-managed incidents. It has one quite original character in Don Dishwater, the pedlar. He fills no small place in the story and in the plot. He has all the cunning and sharpness of his class, but combines with them a nature of peculiar nobleness and the most generous impulses. Mr. Coffin's characters are all well-drawn and preserve through the whole history their personal identity. His pictures of country scenes at home, at school, and at church are true, and are full of vivacity and humor. The story is natural, crowded with varied events, some of them startling enough, but none decidedly sensational, and entirely wholesome. The volume will not in any wise detract from the reputation of its author, but will prove him to be equally agreeable and accomplished as a story teller, a traveler, a reporter for the battle-field, or the gatherer of news for the daily press.

Rev. Edward B. Otheman, one of the most accomplished of our ministers and scholars, has been staying a short period at the Kimball House, Atlanta, Ga. He is exceedingly wise and prudent in expression and discussion, but is an honorable and patriotic citizen as well as able minister. Among the boarders at the house he had simply joined

in gentlemanly discussion upon national topics. Immediately after the late election, and the apparent success of the democratic party, the gentlemen (?) of the house, with others, came to Mr. Otheman as a committee, and informed him that persons with such sentiments as he held could not be permitted to reside in that community, and desired him to give Bishop Haven intimation to the same effect, that he might avoid personal violence. The hotel keeper also informed him that he could retain him as a guest in his house no longer, as he would lose all his Southern custom if Mr. Otheman held his room. Mr. Otheman is now in another State. And this is doubtless the result of the presence of carpet-baggers at the South! In this way our Southern brethren have accepted the results of the war! This is the South that has been abused by the presence of national bayonets!

One of the most conservative of our ministers, just from the South, gives us these facts. He speaks of what he knows, and his estimate of the present temper of the South is depressing.

The Palestine Exploration Society is accomplishing valuable results in the illustration of Scripture and in the extension of exact knowledge in Biblical geography. It is now making a scientific survey and examination of the countries of Moab, Gilead and Bashan. This is specially the work of the American Society. The English Society has taken Western Palestine, from the Jordan to the Mediterranean. Several volumes of very valuable results have already been published. The Society is supported by small annual subscriptions. Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock is President of the Association. Our Dr. Strong of Madison was engaged last year upon the explorers' corps. Rev. O. S. John is the Financial Secretary of the Society. Its head quarters are at the store of Mr. Van Lenney, 78 East Ninth Street, New York.

We have had reason to expect a full review of Dr. Hurst's very interesting new volume, "Life and Literature of the Fatherland." It is published at the Book Concern by Nelson & Phillips, forming a handsome small octavo of 446 pages. It is a very entertaining, as well as full of information upon the social and intellectual life of Germans. Unlike a simple volume of travels, it gives the results of a protracted residence, and of uncommon opportunities for observation. While not so elaborate as the previous volumes of its accomplished author, it will be more popular, and command a wider audience. Every young man who hopes to visit Germany will wish a copy, and all not expecting to enjoy the privilege will certainly desire to read it. Magee has it.

The death of James Walker, D. D., ex-president of Harvard University, occurred at Cambridge, last Friday. Dr. Walker was born in Burlington, Mass., August 16, 1794. He graduated from Harvard, with high honors, in the class of 1814. For twenty years, beginning in 1818, he was pastor of the First Unitarian Church in Charleston. He then became Alford Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy at Harvard. Holding this position for some fifteen years, with marked ability, he was then chosen to the presidential chair of the University. Until 1860 he held this high position, and was accounted one of the ablest preachers Harvard ever had. He was an accomplished scholar and an eloquent preacher. Dr. Walker at one time occupied an editorial position on the *Christian Examiner*. Both as a scholar and as a gentleman Dr. Walker was admired by all his associates.

The Evangelical Churches of Wakefield, Mass., having been accustomed to meet together upon the public services of thanksgiving, it was finally proposed to invite the Universalist Church to unite with them. After the trial of the experiment for a year or two, last year, when the union meeting occurred at the Methodist Church, and the Universalist minister delivered the discourse, the Baptist Church withdrew from the league, and held separate services. The Baptist clergyman, Mr. Charles B. Bliss, who had favored the union, delivered to his people a discourse upon the subject, giving the grounds of his approval of such a common service. This sermon has been published in a pamphlet form, entitled *Religious Recognition*. It is singularly calm, good tempered, well-reasoned, and strong in argument. It should be generally read, though we were constantly met together, without hesitation, in social circles, and engage in reformatory movements, that we shrink from attending in company a public recognition in common of God's universal Providence! The discourse will command a wide audience.

The ninth volume of Appleton's great work, now coming from the press in bi-monthly issues, the *American Cyclopaedia*, is ready for distribution by their New England agents, Messrs. Butler & Fleetwood, Franklin Street, Boston. This volume closes with an excellent biographical sketch of A. W. Kingsale, author of "Eothen" and the "Invasion of the Crimea," and of his cousin, J. W. Kingsale, often confounded with him, a lawyer and member of parliament. Prof. Bennett of Syracuse University, contributes to this volume biographical sketches of the Countess of Huntingdon, of Bishop Jans, and Dr. D. P. Kiddier. The volume bears the same marks of consummate care and scholarship.

By a mistake as to the hour, we deprived ourselves of the pleasure of being present at the dedication of the fine and well-arranged Congregational Library Room, in their spacious building on Beacon Street, last Monday week. It is situated in the rear of the Congregational House, on the corner of Beacon and Somerset Streets. The whole building, with the land, cost over \$100,000. The library is to be called Hitchcock Hall, in honor of the late Samuel Hitchcock of Brimfield, whose gift of \$25,000 was the nucleus of the building fund. The library is for reference rather than for circulation, and will start with about 30,000 bound volumes and over 60,000 pamphlets. Hon. E. S. Tobey presided at the ceremonies of dedication, which consisted of the reports of committees and addresses by several gentlemen. The speech of Dr. Dexter, as published in the daily papers, was particularly interesting. Dr. Langworthy is to be librarian. A valuable collection of religious and denominational books will be gathered here. It is an example to be imitated.

Many of our readers will remember Dr. Jefferson Hamilton, now, for many years, a member of Southern Conference, and of the Church South, but formerly from New England. He died quite suddenly during the session of the Alabama Conference, to which he belonged, at Opelika, Dec. 9. The Baltimore *Episcopal Methodist* says of him:—

"We deeply sympathize with the whole Church of which he was one of its brightest ornaments and ablest ministers. We knew Dr. Hamilton well, and since 1844 have enjoyed his friendship. At the General Conference held at Louisville in May last, he was most earnest and eloquent in advocacy."

ing the return of good fellowship and fraternal relations between the two Methodist churches. A true, pure, noble man could not easily be found, and he was just as brave as he was good. His name had often been mentioned in connection with the episcopacy; but to our certain knowledge, he preferred the work of the pastorate to the crinoline of a bishop.

A very pleasant social event occurred on Wednesday evening, December 23, at the house of Edwin Ray, esq., late President of the Wesleyan Association. His daughter, and only child, Miss Alice, was united in marriage to Mr. Alton H. Kimball. The marriage ritual of the Methodist Episcopal Church was read by Rev. Frederic Woods, assisted by Rev. D. K. Felzer. A large company of friends was present to enjoy the auspicious occasion, and to congratulate the fair young couple. United in love, educated at the same institution, members of the same Church, harmonized in disposition, with plans for life happily arranged, few young people go out into life's uncertainties with better promise of happiness and success. May divine benedictions rest upon them!

The Book Agents in New York issued for the holidays a particularly fine volume, beautiful for ornament, and admirable for use—"Aids to Prayer." It is a small octavo, elegantly bound and printed, with colored lines around the pages. The volume has been compiled by Dr. Daniel P. Kiddier. It is not a defense of prayer, or an argument in its favor, but an excellent illustration of its nature and its modes, with suggestions to aid in its proper utterance and highest enjoyment. A large collection of admirable prayers, adapted to family and occasional uses, are embodied in the volume, forming a valuable manual where extemporary prayer in the family is an embarrassment, or suggesting devout lines of meditation.

The annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the election of officers, etc., will be held at the Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati, December 29th, at 2 o'clock P. M. This Society feels heavily its financial prostration. The hard-working teachers are suffering in salary, and must have immediate relief, or abandon the field, greatly to the injury of our mission work in the South. Will preachers aid in this crisis by presenting the claims of this cause, lifting a liberal collection, and forwarding it immediately to the Treasurer, Dr. Nelson, New York?

It is a singular commentary upon the perversity of human nature, that intelligent men should hesitate to accept the well authenticated revelations of the Bible, and yet with marvelous credulity swallow down the inconceivable nonsense of "spiritualism." They readily believe in ignorant persons supposed to be mediums between ours and the world of spirits. Think of a philosopher (!) like Robert Dale Owen, giving in silent wonder upon the awkward and evident deception of Katie King—an apparition from the spirit world!—and gravely publishing the result of her seances in the *Atlantic*! Every year brings out some new exposure of this weak fraud of "spiritualism," and yet thousands are still finding in it a Gospel.

Christmas was generally recognized in Boston. The principal stores were closed, and the streets were nearly as quiet as on the Sabbath. The Episcopal and Catholic churches were crowded. Public institutions and Sunday-school festivals were largely patronized. The divine Infant was remembered in tens of thousands of households, in the forms of happy childhood, and in the instances of thousands for whom there was no "room in the inn."

The Annual Catalogue of Lawrence University makes a fine appearance, with the cut of its principal edifice. It has an excellent Faculty of instruction, with Dr. George M. Steele at its head. The institution combines preparatory, commercial and academic departments. It is a mixed college, affording ladies equal opportunities with young gentlemen. It is in a prosperous condition. Its president is popular, and is making himself felt as a power in the State.

French religious services are now conducted every Sabbath, at 3 o'clock P. M., by Rev. Narcisse Cyr, at the Hall of the Y. M. C. Association, corner of Tremont and Elliot Streets. At 2 o'clock a praise-meeting is held for the singing of French hymns. Any of our people that can understand spoken French are invited to be present, and to use their influence to extend a knowledge of the service among French-speaking people.

The *Vox Humana* for January, published by George W. Cook & Co., of Cambridgeport, Mass., and edited by Mr. Chas. Barnard, contains an interesting illustrated article upon the undulations of sound, and a varied musical miscellany. It gives also a piece of music for beginners, and a good song, "Home, by and by."

Christmas was observed, as usual, with choice music and other services, and elaborate decorations and scenic illustrations, among the Moravians at Bethlehem, Pa. "Peace and goodwill" was illustrated by the presence and participation of our Congregational neighbor, Rev. Dr. Chickering, with the bishops and other clergy.

Rev. S. L. Gracey of East Weymouth, gave his lecture, entitled "The Church," the course at the Methodist Episcopal Church at North Cohasset. It was both amusing and instructive, and was pronounced by all who heard it one of the best, and by some the very best lecture of the course.

Mrs. Young is ready to lecture for the Church Societies during the month of February. Her terms are reasonable, and her lectures intensely interesting and instructive. Persons wishing to engage her must apply at once. Letters addressed to Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, care of this office, will receive prompt attention.

Dr. Woodruff made a particularly happy address at his introduction to the Preachers' Meeting last Monday. We learn that the Doctor is filling up the Church in Haverhill, Mass., where he is now supplying the pulpit.

So far from Appleton's *Journal* being discontinued, as was reported, it is to be issued even with renewed vigor by its publishers. It is one of the most beautiful and able of American periodicals.

Murdock, of 315 Washington Street, is issuing a series of superior lithographs. His last is a spirited view of "Niagara in Winter."

Lee and Walker, of Philadelphia, issue Clarke's new Method for the Piano. This text book for a young performer comes with the highest commendations from expert teachers.

Much of the delayed Church news will be found on our 2d and 8th pages this week.











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